

HUDIBRAS.

THE THIRD and LAST PART.

Written by the AUTHOR
OF THE
First and Second Parts.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Baker at the Black-
Boy in Pater-noster-Row. 1710.

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THE
THIRD and LAST

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OF THE

First and Second Parts.



O. W.

Printed for J. D. in the Strand, at the Black-
Boy in the Strand, 1710.




HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last PART.

The ARGUMENT of the First CANTO of the Third Part.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Lady's Bower,
The Squire to inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a Masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

CANTO I.

 **T**IS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
To enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two Strings to's
Bow,
And burns for Love and Money
[too;

For then he's Brave and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,

Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double;
 And hangs or *drowns* with half the trouble;
 While those who fillily pursue
 The simple, downright Way and true,
 Make as unlucky Applications,
 And steer against the Stream their Passions.
 Some forge their *Mistresses of Stars*:
 And when the Ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won,
 Than by *Caligula* the Moon;
 Cry out upon the Stars for doing
 Ill Offices, to cross their wooing;
 When only by themselves they're hindered,
 For trusting those they made her Kindred.
 And still, the hamper and hide-bounder
 The Dam'sels prove, become the fonder.
 For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
 To gain a soft and gentle Bride?
 Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
 In *parting Streams* or *Hemp* departed?
 Leap'd headlong int' *Elyzium*,
 Thro' th' Windows of a *dazling Room*?

CANTO I

3

But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame, in or W
The am'rous Fly burnt in his *Flame*. O d o T
This to the *Knight* could be no *New*, s i d W
With all Mankind so much in use; b o t h W
Who therefore took the wiser Course, a i b n A
To make the most of his *Amours*, w h o l d T
Resolv'd to try all sorts of Ways, h e t r o t o r o T
As follows in due Time and *Place*. i o t o T

No sooner was the bloody Fight
Between the *Wizzard* and the *Knights*, a m b n A
With all th' Appurtenances, over, T o a n d w e s t W
But he relaps'd again, i' a *Leven*: i d m i n d T
As he was always wont to do; a l t h o u g h b n A
When h' had discomfited a *Foe*, i o t o T
And us'd the only *Antique Philsters*, i n i n u p o s T
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*, a n d c o n t r o b n A
But now Triumphant and Victorious, d e l o d T
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For such a Conqueror, to meddle
With *Petty Constable*, or *Beadle*; t h e t h i n k e r o d T
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hofstess*, i n w h o l d W
Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry, *Justice* a
Who

Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
To th'*Ordeal Trial* of the Laws;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot Irons have past *bare-handed*;
And if they cannot read one *Verse*
I th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a Shame the *Devil might owe him*,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
To answer, with his Vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
And thought it now the fittest Juncture
To give the Lady a *Rencounter*,
T'acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conquest o'er the *fierce Magician*;
Describe the manner of the Fray,
And shew the Spoils he brought away;
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
The Number of the Blows and Weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain Belief h' had done the Deed.

Which

Which he resolv'd t'enforce, and spare
No pawning of his Soul to swear;
But, rather than produce his Back,
To set his Conscience on the Rack:
And in pursuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and Scourging,
And all Things else, upon his Part,
Demand Delivery of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Person, up to his Embraces.
Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*
Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights:
And cut whole Giants into Fritters,
To put them into amorous Twitters;
Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drub'd so sore,
They durst not woo one Combat more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Abdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
To Spanish Heroes with their Lances,
At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies:
And

8 CANTO D

And he acquiesces the noblest Spouse
That widows greatest Herds of Cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who've quell'd so vast a Buffalo?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late Orders to obey;
Who sent him for a strong Detachment
Of Beadle, Constable, and Watchmen,
To attack the Cunning-man, for Plunder
Committed falsely on his Lumber;
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of Gimcracks, Whims, and Jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions father'd:
And when they should, at Gaol-Delivery,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have Evidence enough,
To render neither Halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be accessory;

But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his Betters.
He call'd to mind th'unjust foul Play,
He would have offer'd him that Day,
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beast ever did beside.
Without all possible Evasion,
But of the *Riding Dispensation*,
And therefore much about the Hour,
The Knight (for Reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury
Of Justice, and an unpack'd Jury.
The Squire concurr'd to abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same Trim;
To acquaint the Lady what he had done,
And what he meant to carry on,
What Project 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out,
His firm and steadfast Resolution,
To swear her to an Execution;
To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,
And bribe the Devil himself to carry her.
In

In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party-Saints* to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,
In any prosperous *Arms-bearing*,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other *Causin-German Saint*.

But e'er the *Knight* could do his Part,
The *Squire* had got so much the start,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
Just as he finish'd his Report,
The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beast t'a Pale,
And taken time for both to Stale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her,
And now began t'approach the Door;
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*;
With whom encountring after *Longees*,
Of *humble* and *submissive Congees*,

And all due Ceremonies paid,
He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said :

Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye :

And now am come, to bring your Ear

A Present you'll be glad to hear ;

At least I hope so. The Thing's done,

Or may I never see the Sun ;

For which I humbly now demand

Performance at your gentle Hand :

And that you'd please to do your Part,

As I have done mine, to my Smart.

With that, he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,

As if he felt his Shoulders ake.

But she, who well enough knew what

Before he spoke) he would be at,

Pretended not to apprehend

The Mystery of what he mean'd :

And therefore wish'd him to expound

His dark Expressions *less profound*.

Madam, *quoth he*, I come to prove,

How much I've suffer'd for your Love,

Which

Which (like your Notary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd Skin
 And, for those meritorious Daffies,
 To claim your Favour and good Graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted Sconce;
 And that you promis'd, for that Favour,
 To bind your Back to'ts good Behaviour,
 And for my Sake and Service vow'd
 To lay upon't a heavy Load,
 And what 'twould bear th' Scruple prove,
 As other Knights do oft make Love.
 Which, whether you have done or no,
 Concerns your self; not me, to know.
 But if you have, I shall confess,
 You're honestier than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my Troth,
 I cannot prove it but by Oath;
 And if you make a question on't,
 I'll pawn my Soule that I have don't;
 And he that makes his Soule his Surety,
 I think does give the best Secur'ty.

Quoth

Quoth she, Some say, the Soul's secure
Against Distress and Forfeiture ;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt ;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th'other World, 's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
For most Men carry things so even
Between this World, and Hell, and Heaven,
Without the least Offence to either,
They freely deal in all together ;
And equally abhor to quit
This World for both, or both for it,
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.

For that, *quoth he*, 'tis rational,
They may be accountable in all.

For when there is that Intercourse
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here

Commands Obedience every where ;

M

When

When Penalties may be commuted
 For Fines, or Ears, or executed;
 It follows, nothing binds so fast
 As Souls in Pawn, or Mortgage past:
 For Oaths are th'only Tests and Scales
 Of Right and Wrong, and True and False:
 And there's no other way to try
 The Doubts of Law and Justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear?
 There's no believing till I hear:
 For till they're understood, all Tales
 (Like Nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t'obey
 What you commanded t'other Day,
 And to perform my Exercise,
 (As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes:
 T'avoid all Scruples in the Case,
 I went to do't upon the Place.
 But as the Castle is enchanted
 By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted
 With evil Spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two:

Before I'd hardly time to lay
My Weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable Noise
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,
I'm ready with th'Infernal Whip,
That shall divest thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy ling'ring Sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth:
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,
When th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to sleay,
Unless thou presently make haste,
Time is, Time was: And there it ceas'd.
With which, tho' startled, I confess,
Yet th' Horror of the Thing was less
Than th' other dismal Apprehension
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore snatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load:

Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,
And chaste contemplative Bardashing.
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my Guard and Scout,
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-Witch, his *Caliban*,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave their Hellish Rage a stop;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageously on *Sidrophel*:
Who now transform'd himself t'a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When as I furiously press'd on,
My Weapon down his Throat to run.

Laid

Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a Goose,
Dw'd under Water in a Pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him ; but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Repar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer t'ingage.
But bravely scorning to defile
My Sword with feeble Blood and vile ;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which I furiously laid on ;
Till in a harsh and doleful Tone
It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir :
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b'a Witch,
But conjur'd int'a worse Caprich :
Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houses in the Night to haunt,
For Opportunities t'improve
Designs of Thievery or Love ;

With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat;
 All Feats of Witches counterfeit,
 Kill Pigs and Geese with powder'd Glass,
 And make it for Inchantment pass;
 With Cow-itch meazle like a Leper,
 And choak with Fumes of Guiney-Pepper;
 Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry
 Commit phantastical Advowtry;
 Bewitch Hermetick-Men to run
 Stark staring Mad with *Manicon*;
 Believe Mechanick *Virtuosi*
 Can raise 'em Mountains in *Potosi*;
 And sillier than the Antick Fools,
 Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals:
 Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
 To quack of Universal Cures;
 With Figures ground on Panes of Glass,
 Make People on their Heads to pass:
 And mighty Heaps of Coin increase,
 Reflected from a single Piece:
 To draw in Fools, whose nat'ral Itches
 Incline perpetually to Witches;

And

And keep me in continual Fears;
 And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
 When less Delinquents have been scourg'd,
 And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,
 Which others for Cravats have worn
 About their Necks, and took a Turn.

I pity'd the sad Punishment
 The wretched *Caitiff* underwent,
 And held my Drubbing of his Bones
 Too great an Honour for *Paltrones*;
 For Knights are bound to feel no Blow
 From paltry and unequal Foes,
 Who when they flash and cut to Pieces,
 Do all with civillest Addresses;
 Their Horses never give a blow,
 But when they make a Leg and Bow.
 I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him
 About the Witch with many a Question.

Quoth he, For many Years he drove
 A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
 Employ'd in all th'Intrigues and Trust;
 Of feeble Speculative Lust;

Procuror to th' Extravagancy
 And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy.
 By those the Devil had forsook,
 As things below him, to provoke.
 But b'ing a *Virtuoso*, able
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
 He held his Talent most *Adroit*
 For any Mystical Exploit;
 As others of his Tribe had done,
 And rais'd their Prices Three to One.
 For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds
 Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bawds,
 But as an Elf (the Devil's *Valet*)
 Is not so slight a thing to get;
 For those that do his Bus'ness best,
 In Hell are us'd the ruggedest;
 Before so meriting a Person
 Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,
 He serv'd two Prentiships, and longer,
 I'th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.
 For (as some write) a Witch's Ghost,
 As soon as from the Body loos'd,

Become

Becomes a Puny-Imp it self,
And is another Witch's Elf.
He after searching far and near,
At length found one in *Lancashire*,
With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has plaid a thousand Feats,
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or *Pharaoh's* Wizards cou'd their Switches
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too.
Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beastly Shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
He crams in nasty Crevises,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me relish for Diserts,
And one by one with Shame and Fear
Lick up the candy'd Provender.

Besides——But as h' was running on,
 To tell what other Feats h' had done,
 The Lady stopt his full Career,
 And told him, now 'twas time to hear;
 If half those things (*said she*) be true.
 (They're all (*quoth he*) I swear by you :)
 Why then (*said she*) that *Sidrophel*
 Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell;
 Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
 And Hackney of a *Lapland* Hag,
 In quest of you came hither Post,
 Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most;
 Who told me all you Swear and Say;
 Quite contrary another way;
 Vow'd that you came to him to know,
 If you should carry me or no;
 And would have hir'd him and 's Imps
 To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
 T'ingage the Devil on your side,
 And steal (*like Proserpine*) your Bride.
 But he disdaining to embrace
 So filthy a Design and base,

You

You fell to Vapouring and Huffing,
And drew upon him like a Ruffin ;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard ;
And left him Dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruise and disprate Wound :
Swore you had broke and robb'd his House,
And stole his *Talismanique* Louse,
And all his New-found Old Inventions,
With flat Felonious Intentions ;
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought em for, and paid ;
His Flea, his *Morpcion*, and *Punese*,
H' had gotten for his proper Ease,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th'ablest Artilsts of the Trade ;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost ;
And all together might amount
To many Hundreds on Account :
For which h' had got sufficient Warrant
To seize the Malefactors Errant,

Without capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail;
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To serve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which modern Virtuoso's say,
Incline to Hanging every way.
Besides he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That e'er he went in quest of you,
He set a Figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Your selves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd h' had had Intelligence
Of all that past before and since:
And found, that e'er you came to him,
Y' had been engaging Life and Limb,
About a Case of tender Conscience,
Where both abounded in your own Sense;
Till *Ralpho*, by his Light and Grace,
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case;

And

And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done.

For which, most basely to requite

The Service of his Gifts and Light,

You strove t'oblige him by main force,

To scourge his Ribs instead of yours;

But that he stood upon his Guard,

And all your Vapouring out-dar'd;

For which, between you both, the Feat

Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight

Turn'd the Outside of his Eyes to white,

(*As Men of Inward Light are wont*

To turn their Opticks in upon't,)

He wonder'd how she came to know

What he had done, and meant to do:

Held up his *Affidavit Hand*,

As if h' had been to be Arraign'd:

Cast tow'rd the Door a ghastly look,

In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.

Madam, If but one Word be true

Of all the Wizard has told you,

Or but one single Circumstance
 In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
 May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down
 This Vessel, that is all your own;
 Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
 These Reliques of your constant Lover.

You have provided well, *quoth she*,
 (I thank you) for your self and me;
 And shewn your *Presbyterian* Wits
 Jump punctual with the *Jesuits*.
 A most compendious way and civil,
 At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
 And Heav'n and Hell, your Selves and Those
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
 Why then (*quoth he*) may Hell surprize.
 That Trick (*said she*) will not pass twice:
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
 Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
 But there's a better way of clearing
 What you would prove, than downright Swear-
 For if you have perform'd the Feat,
 The Blows are visible as yet

Enough

Enough to serve for Satisfaction
Of nicest Scruples in the Action,
And if you can produce those Knobs,
Altho' they're but the Witches Drubs,
I'll pass them all upon Account,
As if your nat'ral Self had don't.
Provided that they pass th'Opinion
Of able Juries of old Women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of Facts
For Bellies, may do so for Backs.

Madam (*quoth he*) your Love's a Million,
To do, is less, than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my Pow'r
To obey, what you command, and more,
But for performing what you bid,
I thank y'as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds, in those that are all Heart,
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (*quoth she*) my Goods and Chattels
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels;

For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the End.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?

Your plighted Faith (*quoth he*) and Word
You past in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly inroll'd.
And if 'tis counted Treason, here
To raze Records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no Bargains driv'n,
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven,
And that's the Reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two Things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease.
Their Bus'ness there is only Love,
Which Marriage is not like t'improve.
Love, that's too Generous, t'abide
To be against its Nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,

And

And like the Soul, its Harbourn,
Debar'd the Freedom of the Air,
Disdains against its Will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away :
And therefore never can comply,
T'endure the Matrimonial Tye,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where the one is but the other's Bail ;
Like *Roman* Gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
Of which the True and Faithfull'st Lover,
Gives best Security, to suffer.
Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way ;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd :
A Bargain at a venture made
Between two Partners in a Trade ;
(For what's inferr'd by T' have, and T' hold,
But something past away, and sold ?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low :

And at the best is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the Marriage-Day is paid,
Or Hour of Death, the Bet is laid,
And all the rest of Better or Worse,
Both are but Losers out of Purse,
For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or Wager laid at six and seven;
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their Childrens Tenants e'er they're born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e'er they're begot;
Or ever shall perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' implicate Generation,
And General Club of all the Nation:
For which she's fortify'd no less,
Than all the Island, with four Seas:
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,
In ready Insolence and Pow'r:

And make him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her Slave,
More wretched than an ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to Justifie,
Nor at her proper Cost and Charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were those obedient
Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent;
To give the Cheats the eldest Hand
In foul Play, by the Laws o'th' Land;
For which so many a Legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts and truckl'd,
A Law that most unjustly yokes
All *Johns of Stiles* to *Joans of Noakes*,
Without distinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;
Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
Nor valuable Consideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
Of Judgment past for better or worse;

Will not allow the Privileges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces; [Horses
While nothing else but *Rem in Re*
Can set the proudest Wretches free;
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
So Men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Nooze.
'They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
As some whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themselves by Art.
Like *Indian-Widows*, gone to Bed
In flaming Curtains to the Dead:
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.
Hor do the Ladies want excuse
For all the Stratagems they use,

To gain th' Advantage of the Set,
And lurch the Am'rous Rook and Cheat;
For as the *Pythagorean* Soul
Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one:
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the Touch;
Melts in the Furnace of Desire,
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-Powder laden,
And prim'd and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest Sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
They're in the very Act recoil.

Hence

Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate Maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before they Marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry:
And e're they Venture on a Stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence witty'st Ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest Goose.
For now the World is grown so wary,
That few of either Sex dare Marry,
But rather trust on Tiek t' Amours,
The Cross and Pile for Bett'r or Worse:
A Mode that is held Honourable,
As well as *French* and Fashionable
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite;
Still Am'rous, and Fond, and Billing,
Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling,

Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagances,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances,
Tho', when their Heroes 'spouse the Dames,
We hear no more of Charms and Flames :
For then their late Attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine ;
And all their Catterwauling Tricks,
In earnest to as jealous Piques :
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,
By the Yellow Mantau's of the Bride ;
For Jealousie is but a kind
O' Clap and Crincum of the Mind,
The natural Effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove :
But all the Mischief is, the Doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though *Chineses* go to Bed,
And lie In in their Ladies stead,
And for the Pains they took before,
Are Nurs'd and Pamper'd to do more :

Our

Our *Green-Men* do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in Labour of a Clap;
Both lay the Child to one another:
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,
Or who imported the *French Goods*.
But Health and Sicknes b'ing all one,
Which both before engag'd to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worship only when their Sound.
Both give and take their equal Shares
Of all they suffer by false Wares:
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearances;
That paint and patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Complexions;
And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants;

Until

Until they're hamper'd in the Nooze;
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
When all the Flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-Cloaths undresses
Her Complaisance and Gentilesses;
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government from th' easie Owner,
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
Finds all his Having and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noise and Scolding;
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volly of one Tongue
For all their Leathern Shields too strong;
When only arm'd with Noise and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
Transform 'em into Rams and Goats,
Like Sirens with their charming Notes
Sweet as a Screech Owl's Serenade,
Or those enchanting Murmurs made
By

By th' Husband *Mandrake* and the Wife,
Both Bury'd (like themselves) Alive.

Quoth he, These Reasons are but Strains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not Man in *Paradise*,
Until he was Created twice,
And had his better half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his Side,
T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex;
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The Pains and Labour of Increasing,
By changing them for other Cares,
As by his dry d-up Paps appears;
His Body, that stupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal Parts compact,
In Shape and Symetry exact.
Of which the left and Female side
Is to the manly Right a Bride,

Both

Both join'd together with such Art,
 That nothing else but Death can part;
 Those Heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
 And Face, that all the World Surprise,
 That dazle all that look upon ye,
 And scorch all other Ladies Tawny;
 Those Ravishing and Charming Graces,
 Are all made up of two half Faces,
 That in a Mathematick Line,
 Like those in other Heavens, join,
 Of which if either grew alone,
 'Twould fright as much to look upon
 And so would that sweet Bud your Lip,
 Without the other's Fellowship;
 Our Noblest Senses set by Pairs,
 Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears,
 Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
 To wait upon the Soul design'd;
 But those that serve the Body alone,
 Are single and confin'd to one.
 The World is but two Parts that meet,
 And close at th' Equinoctial, fit;

And

And so are all the Works of Nature,
 Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter:
 Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
 Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare
 How 'ntirely Marriage is her Care,
 The only Method that she uses,
 In all the Wonders she produces.
 And those that take their Rules from her,
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err.
 For what secures the Civil Life
 But Pawns of Children, and a Wife;
 That, lye, like Hostages, at stake,
 To pay for all Men undertake;
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be Born and Breath, to Marry.
 So Universal, all Mankind
 In nothing else is of one Mind.
 For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
 Was Marriage ever out of Fashion?
 Unless among the *Amazons*,
 Or Vestal *Friars*, and Cloister'd *Mons*;

Or *Stoicks*, who, to bar the Freaks
And loose Excesses of the Sex,
Preposterously would have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Tho' Men would find such mortal Fewds,
In sharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more Charge of Lives,
Than they're supply'd with now by Wives;
Until they graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beasts do, of their Native Growths:
For simple wearing of their Horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t'inherit,
Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o'th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth,
What Honours, or Estates of Peers
Could be preserv'd, but by their Heirs?
And what Security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?
What

What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greatest Monarchs did not Marry,
And with their Consorts consummate
Their weightiest Interests of State?
For all th' Amours of Princes are
But Guarantees of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to disarm,
Make Blood and Desolation cease,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Contentts for Forage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage?
Nor does the Gemal Bed provide
Less for the Interests of the Bride;
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due Benevolence;
Could no more Title rake upon her
To Virtue, Quality, and Honour,
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme-Coverts t' all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The Virtuous Matron, and the Miss;

Th

The Nymphs of Chaste *Diana's* Train,
The same with those in *Lewkner's* Lane;
But for the difference Marriage makes
Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
Besides, the Joys of Place and Birth;
The Sex's Paradise on Earth;
A Privilege so Sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater Freedom to the Spouse;
The Reason is, because the Wife
Runs greater Hazards of her Life;
Is trusted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind, by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She Frames the wondrous Fabric of:
Who therefore, in a streight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it save her, the same way,
It seldom misses to betray.
Unless

Unless both Parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though some Fits of small Contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (sometimes) serve t^e improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace,
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post;
Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,
They're still as kind and constant Friends
And to relieve their Weariness,
By turns give one another Ease:
So all those false Alarms of Strife,
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love.
When those who are always kind or coy,
In Time must either tire or cloy.

Nor

Nor are their loudest Clamours more,
Than as they're relish'd, Sweet or Sour:
Like Musick, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles by turns:
And Hearts have been as oft with Sullen,
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stollen.
Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Discords make the sweetest Aires,
And Curses are a kind of Prayers:
Too flight Alloys for all those grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has Pow'r to settle
Th' Interests of Love perpetual.
An Act and Deed, that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And passes Fines on Faith and Love,
Enroll'd and Register'd above,
To seal the slippery Knot of Vows,
Which nothing else but Death can loose.
And

And what Security's too strong,
To guard that gentle Heart from Wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to pass
It self away and all it has;

And like an Anchorite gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover?

I grant (*quoth she*) there are some few,
Who take that course and find it true:
But Millions; whom the same does Sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
Tho' all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty Consequents
Depend upon more blind Events,
Than Gamesters, when they play a Ser.
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with Caution, but take in
They know not what, Unfight, Unseen
For what do Lovers, when they're fast
In one another's Arms embrac'd,
But strive to Plunder and Convey
Each other, like a Prize, away?

to change the Property of Selves
Sucking Children are by Elves?
And if they use their Persons so,
What will they to their Fortunes do?
their Fortunes! the perpetual Aims
of all their Ecstasies and Flames.
For when the Money's on the Book,
And, *All my Worldly Goods* — but spoke;
The Formal Livery and Seisin
That puts a Lover in Possession)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's superseded.
To that their Faith is still made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once resign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours,
Our Money's now become the Miss,
Of all your Lives and Services;
And we forsaken, and Post-pon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd,
Which as it made y' at first Gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until

Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
(As we had been) for new Amours;
For what did ever Heirefs yet
By being born to Lordships get?
When the more Lady sh'is of Mannors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
Pays for their Projects and Designs.
And, for her own Destruction fines,
And does but tempt them with her Riches
To use her as the Devil does Witches;
Who takes it for a special Grace,
To be their Cully for a Space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazel
For ever may become his Vassals.
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stollen Goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds.
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.
These are the everlasting Fruits
Of all your passionate Love-suits.

Th' Effects of all your amorous Fancies,
To Portions and Inheritances ;
Your Love-Sick Raptures for Fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
To which you make Address and Courtship,
And with your Bodies strive to worship,
That th' Infants Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.
For these, you play at Purposes,
And love your Loves, with A's and B's;
For these, at *Beste* and *L'ombre* wooe,
And play for Love and Money too;
Strive who shall be the ablest Man
At right Gallanting of a Fan;
And who the most gentelely bred
At sucking of a Vizard Bead;
How best t' accost us in all Quarters,
T'our Question-and-Command NewGarters;
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of Dresses *Pro* and *Con*.
For there's no Mystery nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.

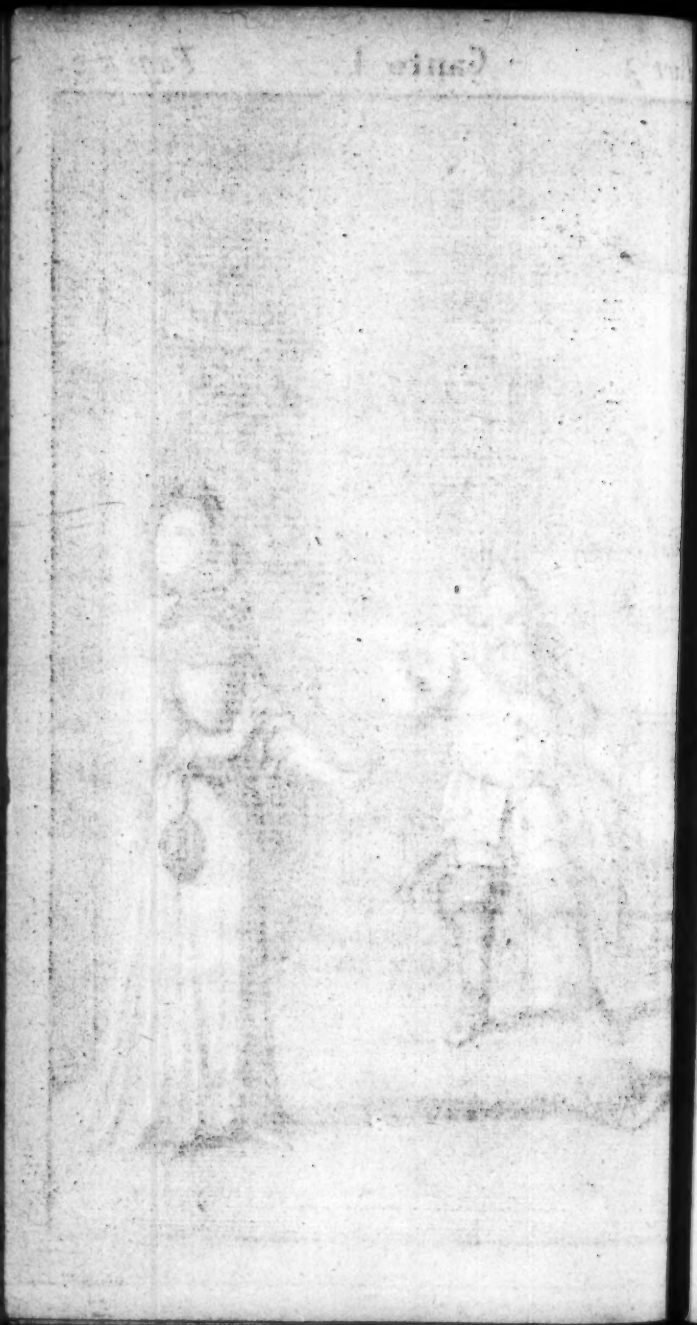
And when you have more Debts to pay
Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-Day*,
And no way possible to do't,
But Love and Oaths and restless Suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd, past Amours;
Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your Wounds and Pain
Which others Influences long since
Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins?
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our Aid.
Lord! what an Am'rous thing is Want!
How Debts and Mortgages inchant!
What Graces must that Lady have,
That can from Execution save!
What Charms that can reverse Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent!
What Magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from *Scire Facias*!
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
And from Contempts of Courts enlarge!
These

These are the highest Excellencies
Of all our true or false Pretences,
And you would damn your selves, and swear
As much t'an Hostess Dowager,
Grown Fat and Purfy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your Desire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th'heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in haste with such a Powder,
The Blows grew louder still and louder,
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his Inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick Fright,
To be the Wizard, come to search,
And to take him napping in the Lurch.

Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt;
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a Passage through his Side;
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em;
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a Cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm resolv'd to break no Right
Of Hospitality to a Stranger,
But to secure you out of Danger,
Will here my self stand Centinel,
To guard this Pass 'gainst *Sidrophel*.
Women, you know, do seldom fail,
To make the stoutest Men turn tail;
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
Upon the desp'ratest Attacks.





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At this the Knight grew resolute
As *Ironside*, or *Hardiknute*;
His Fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to rally.
But she besought him, to convey
His Courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door:
That if the Enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former Fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way:
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady for a fresh Reserve.
His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute:
Which he resolv'd in haste t'o'bey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away;

And all he encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the Dark and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs,
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Pass,
To stand upon his Guard, and face.
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd*.
Inscanc'd himself as formidable
As could be, underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambush close,
T' expect the arrival of his Foes.
Few Minutes had he lain perdue,
To guard his desp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the Rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fanci'd th' Enemy had storm'd,
And after entring, *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his Senses,
To bring him in Intelligences.

Which

Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,
Mistake, for falling in a Trance:
But those that Trade in Geomancy
Affirm to be the strength of Fancy:
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.

Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
And storm'd the Outworks of his Fortress.
And as another of the same
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the same Cause had engag'd,
And War with equal Conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thrust
His Head a Span beyond his Post,
B' a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*,
Was dragg'd through a Window by th'Ears;
So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their Mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd scorn'd to trade and barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:

They stoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came int' his Aid.
For when a *Man is past his Sense,*
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' *Ears* or *Nose*,
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*:
And if that will not do the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Ir'ns* proceed.
No sooner was he come t'himself,
But on his Neck a sturdy Elf
Clapp'd in a trice his Cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof:

Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy *Evil Genius*,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,
The Brethrens Privilege (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent,
For just Revenge and Punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free Confession;

For





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For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.

What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Ladies Heart away?
To spirit her to Matrimony? —
That which contracts all Matches, Money:
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your Crony Witches;
That in return would pay the Expence,
The Wear-and-Tear of Conscience:
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' Hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (*quoth he*) than I love you.

How wouldst thou have us'd her and her
First, turn'd her up to Alimony; [Money?
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put on purpose, in the Deed;
And bar her Widow's making over
T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out,
T' employ their Sorceries about ?

That which makes Gamesters play with those
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thy self to us ?

I see you take me for an Ass :
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would pass,
Upon a Woman, well enough,
As't has been often found by Proof ;
Whose Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for Candidates, and wooe.

Why didst thou forge those shameful Lies,
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise ?

That is no more than Authors give
The Rabble Credit to believe ;
A Trick of following their Leaders,
To entertain their gentle Readers.
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say ;

Which

Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b'a very few.
Beside the Danger of Offence,
The fatal Enemy of Sense.

Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,
Hypocrisie, to set up in? —

Because it is the thriving'st Calling,
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no Degrees, unless th' employ't,
Can ever gain much or enjoy't.

A Gift that is not only able
To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Laws empower'd to rout,
And awe the Greatest that stand out.
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their Hand should slip, and come too near.
For no Sin else among the Saints
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a House,
N 6 And

And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being Poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more Tricks
Than all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
Compar'd with your *New Reformation*:
That we must come to School to you,
To learn your more Refin'd, and New.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'd find your self an arrant Chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-House.

'Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' Year.

Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine,
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell;
So are you like to be agen,
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy Scholar in this Mystery;

And

And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles on which you go.

What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? ——— *A Livelyhood.*

What renders beating out of Brains
And Murther, Godliness? ——— *Great Gains.*

What's tender Conscience? — 'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest Touch;
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' Epidemical'st Plague-Sore.

What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? ——— *To be paid.*

What's Orthodox and true believing
Against a Conscience? ——— *A Good Living.*

What makes Rebelling against Kings
A Good Old Cause? ——— *Administ'ings.*

What makes all Doctrines plain and clear? —
About Two Hundred Pounds a Year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? ——— *Two hundred more.*

What makes the breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? ——— *Food and Cloaths.*

What Laws and Freedom, Persecution?
B'ing out of Pow'r and Contribution.

What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and white Sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it Orthodox? -- Our own.

What makes Morality a Crime,
The most notorious of the Time?

Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out against?

'Cause Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:

And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse.

For Saints can need no Conscience,
That with Morality dispense;

As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted,
In Nature onl', and not imputed;

But why the Wicked should do so,
We neither know, or care to do.

What's Liberty of Conscience,
If th' Natural and Genuine Sense? --

'Tis to restore, with more Security,
 Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
 And Christian Liberty reduce
 To th' elder Practice of the *Jews*.
 For a large Conscience is all one,
 And signifies the same with *None*.

It is enough (*quoth he*) for once,
 And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a Trick,
 (Tho' he gives Name to our *Old Nick*)
 But was below the least of these,
 That pass i'th' World for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Light,
 In th' Instant vanish'd out of sight;
 And left him in the Dark alone,
 With Stinks of Brimstone and his own.
 The *Queen of Night*, whose large Command
 Rules all the Sea, and half the Land,
 And over moist and crazy Brains,
 In high Spring-Tides, at Midnight reigns,
 Was now declining to the West,
 To go to Bed, and take her rest.

When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that soft Repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretcht out at length upon the Floor:
And though he shut his Eyes as fast,
As if h'had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to heark
If he could hear too in the Dark;
Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after in a feeble Tone,
These trembling Words; *Unhappy Wretch*;
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The holy Brotherhood o'th' Blade?
By fauntring still on some Adventure,
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs
Of Cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet;
As well in Conquest as Defeat.

Night

Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind;
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.

The Knight, who heard the Words explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Because the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite
That staid upon the Guard that Night,
And one of those he had seen and felt
The Drubs he had so freely dealt.

When after a short Pause and Groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on;

This 'tis t'ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pelmell together by the Ears,
And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;
And from the Pinnacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory:

(Thought he, this Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Disasters rallies.)

Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
 By being more Heroick-minded ;
 And at a Riding handled worfe,
 With Treats more slovenly and coarfe ;
 Ingag'd 'with Fiends in stubborn Wars,
 And hot Disputes with Conjurers ;
 And when th'hadst bravely won the Day,
 Wast fain to steal thy self away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless Elf
 Would fain steal me too from my self,
 That impudently dares to own
 What I have suffer'd for and done.

- And now but vent'ring to betray,
 Hast met with Vengeance the same way.

Thought he, How does the Devil know
 What 'twas that I design'd to do ?

His *Office of Intelligence,*

His *Oracles,* are ceas'd long since ;

And he knows nothing of the Saints,

But what some treach'rous Spy acquaints.

This is some Pettifogging Fiend,

Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
 That

That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second Hand ;
And now would pass for *Spirit Po*,
And all Mens dark Concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't ;
These rallying Devils do no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And hastily cry'd out, *What art ?*

A Wretch (*quoth he*) whom want of Grace
Has brought to this unhappy Place.

I do believe thee, *quoth the Knight*,
Thus far I'm sure th'art in the Right ;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry, black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night ;
That hast no Work to do in th' House,
Nor Half-peny to drop in Shoes :
Without the raising of which Sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.

This is your Bus'ness, good *Pug-Robin*,
And your Diversion dull dry *Bobbing*,
T'intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which Conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry Jest to laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Raillery.

Sir, (*quo' the Voice*) y'are no such *Sophy*
As you would have the World judge of ye,
If you design to weigh our Talents
T' th' Standard of your own false Balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us Ghosts, as well as we do you :
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
And never left you in Contest,
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
But prov'd as true t'ye and intire,
In all Adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th'idleest Pug of all your Crew :

For none could have betray'd us worse
 Than those Allies of ours and yours.
 But I have sent him for a Token
 To your Low-Country *Hogen Mogen*,
 To whose Infernal Shores I hope
 He'll swing like Skippers in a Rope.
 And if y'have been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 I am afraid it is as true,
 What th' Ill-affected say of you,
 Y'have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
 By holding up your Cloven Paws.

Sir, *quo' the Voice*, 'tis true, I grant,
 We made and took the Covenant.
 But that no more concerns the Cause,
 Than other Perjuries do the Laws,
 Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
 Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.
 And that's the Reason Cov'nanters
 Hold up their Hands, like Rogues, at Bars.

I see, *quoth Hudibras*, from whence
 These Scandals of the Saints commence,
 That

That are but natural Effects
Of *Satan's* Malice, and his Sects,
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threads
Spun out o'th'Entrails of their Heads.

Sir, *quoth the Voice*, that may as true
And properly be said of you;
Whose Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the *Independants* do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to.
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
But must have Armies rais'd, to back
The Gospel-work you undertake;
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools,
Were th'only Engines to save Souls,
While He, poor Devil, has no Pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance;
Is ty'd up only to Design,
T'intice, and tempt, and undermine:

In

In which you all his Arts out-do,
 And prove your selves his Betters too:
 Hence 'tis Possessions do less evil
 Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
 Which all the horrid'st Actions done,
 Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
 Because, unless you help the Elf,
 He can do little of himself;
 And therefore where he's best possess'd,
 Acts most against his Interest;
 Surprises none but those wh' have Priests
 To turn him out, and Exorcists,
 Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
 And Magazines of Ammunition,
 With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
 Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,
 The Tools of working out Salvation
 By meer Mechanick Operation,
 With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
 To overflow all Avenues.
 But those wh'are utterly unarm'd
 To oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,

He never offers to surprife,
Altho' his falseft Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge.
For where are all your Forfeitures
Intrusted in safe Hands, but ours?
Who are but Jailors of your Holes
And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls;
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T'your Mittimus Anathema's,
And never boggle to restore
The Members you deliver o'er
Upon Demand, with fairer Justice
Than all your covenanting Trustees;
Unless to punish them the worfe,
You put them in the Sec'lar Pow'rs,
And pass their Souls, as some demise
The same Estate in Mortgage twice,
When to a legal *Utigation*
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of Civil
State-Prudence, to cajole the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his Cloven Hoof.

'Tis true, *quoth he*, that Intercourse
Has pass'd between your Friends and ours ;
That as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your Members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
Or frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a Story :
Have us'd all Means to propagate
Your mighty Interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great Designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Title good.
And if it were but in our Power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.

Right

Right, quoth the Voice, and as I scorn
To be ungrateful in Return:
Of all those kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Distress,
And set you down in Safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone:
And if I leave you here till Day,
You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the Spirit grop'd about,
To find th' Incharmed Hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up;
But found his Forelorn Hope, his Crup,
Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows
Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like *Gresham* Carts, with Legs for Wheels;
But Fear, that soonest cures those Sores,
In danger of Relapse, to worse,
Came in to assist him with its Aid,
And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.

No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge;
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With some few Rubs against the Wall.
Where finding th'outer Postern lock'd,
And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,
H'attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,
And in a Moment gain'd the Pass;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their Fellow-Cattle out.
Nor was it half a Minute's quest,
E'er he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,
Ty'd to a Pale, instead of Rack,
But ne'er a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how,
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the Night to steal away;

But

But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *bare Ridge* bolt upright.
And groping out for *Ralpho's Jade*,
He found the Saddle too was stray'd,
And in the place a Lump of Soap,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd as *Jockies* use, to break,
Or *Padders* to secure, a Neck.
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an even Rate.

The



The ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO.

*The Saints engage in fierce Contests,
About their Carnal Interests;
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to reform,
When Cromwel left them in a Storm:
Till in th' Effigy of **Bumps**, the Rabble
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

CANTO II.



HE Learned write, *An Insect*
[*Breeze*
Is but a mungrel Prince of
[*Baer*
That falls, before a Storm,
[*on-Cows*,
And stings the Founders of
[*his House*;
From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed
Of Vermin did at first proceed.
So, e'er the Storm of War broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various Rout,
Of

Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of corrupted Texts,
That first run all Religion down,
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the *Persian Magi* once
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,
Who were incapable t'enjoy
That Empire, any other way:
So *Presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *Good Old Cause*, his Mother,
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Int'rest for their Common Good,
Could, when their Profits interfer'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the Ears engag'd:
Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
And play together when they've none.
As by their truest Characters,
Their constant Actions, plainly appears.

Rebellion

Rebellion now began, for lack
Of Zeal and Plunder, to grow slack;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of Season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O'th' King's Revenue, and the Church's;
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the 'Stubborn'st, for the Cause,
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,
That what by breaking them 't had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd;
Like Thieves, that in a Hemp-plot lye,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-Cry.
For Presbyter and Independant
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant,
Laid out their Apostolick Functions,
On Carnal Orders and Injunctions;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and Scire facias;
At Michael's Term had many a Trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where

Where thousands fell, in shapes of Fees,
Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.

For when, like Brethren, and like Friends,
They came to share their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to possess
His Church and State Joint-Purchases,
In which the ablest Saint and best
Was nam'd in Trust by all the rest,
To pay their Money ; and, instead
Of ev'ry Brother, pass the Deed ;
He strait converted all his Gifts
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts,
And settled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and's Heirs ;
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his Hands,
And past upon his Conscience,
By *Pre-intail of Providence* ;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no Title to Estates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.

This

This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conscience to fall on:
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th'*Utter Barrister of Swanswick*;
Engag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Than all unsanctify'd Trustees:
Till he who had no more to show
I'th' Cause, receiv'd the Overthrow;
Or both Sides having had the Worst,
They parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Cashier'd, and Ghous'd,
Turn'd out, and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t'a Reformato Saint,
And glad to turn Itenerant,
To strole and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those Uses serve agen
Against the New-inlightned Men;

As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatick,
As pat as Popish and Prelatick;
And with as little Variation,
To serve for any Sect i'th' Nation.
The Good Old Cause, which some believe
To be the Dev'l that tempted Eve
With Knowledge, and does still invite
The World to Mischief with New Light,
Had store of Money in her Purse,
When he took her for bett'r or worse.
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

'The Independants (whose first Station
Was in the Rear of Reformation,
A Mungrel Kind of Church-Dragoons,
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The Saracen and Christian rid;
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To Preach, and Fight, and Pray, and Murder)
No





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No sooner got the start to lurch
Both Disciplines of *War* and *Church*,
And Providence enough to run
The Chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carry'd on the War against
The Common Enemy o'th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
T'attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, *themselves at home*.
Wh' had compass'd all they Pray'd, and Swore,
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for;
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all Things but their *Laws and Hare*.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the Spoil of all th' had ransact,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
They

They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' *Abolish*,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demolish*.
For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,
As *Dutch Boors* are t'a *Scoterkin*,
Both Parties join'd to do their best,
To Damn the Publick Interest;
And Herded only in Consults,
To put by one another's Bolts,
T'out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
At all their Dialects of *Jabberers*,
And tug at both Ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim:
So those who play a *Game of State*,
And only *Carvil* in Debate,
Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
The Publick Bus'ness is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to Ruine.

This when the *Royalists* perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*,)
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For tho' out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down;
Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated.
*For Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Altho' it be not shin'd upon.*
But when these Brethren in evil,
Their *Adversaries* and the Devil,
Began once more to shew them Play,
And hopes, at least, to have a Day;
They rally'd in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes,
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,
T'appoint *New-Rising Rendezvounes*,

And

This

And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd :
No sooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party started.
And, as if Nature too in haste,
To furnish out Supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd Destruction
T'a new and numerous Production ;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian Faith, increast
The more, the more they were suppress'd :
Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Transportation*,
Proscription, *Sale*, nor *Confiscation*,
Nor all the desperate Events
Of former try'd Experiments,
Nor Wounds, could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling* ;
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
From staking Life and Fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown ;

But

But kept the Title of their Cause
 From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws:
 And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation
 Can ever settle on the Nation,
 Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
 They put their Loy'lty in Possession;
 And by their Constancy and Faith,
 Destroy'd the mighty Men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
 Did *Oliver* give up his Reign;
 And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
 As Moral Men and Miscreants,
 To founder in the *Stygian Ferry*,
 Until he was retriev'd by *Sherry*:
 Who, in a false erroneous Dream,
 Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,
 Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
 False Heaven at the End o'th' Hall;
 Whither it was decreed by Fate,
 His precious Reliques to translate.
 So *Romulus* was seen before
 B'as Orthodox a Senator;

From whose Divine Illumination,
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*
Succeeded, tho' a *Lame Vicegerent*;
Who first laid by the *Parliament*,
The only *Crutch* on which he leant;
And then sunk underneath the *State*,
That rode him above *Horseman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th'had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such *Bowel-Hankerings*,
To see an *Empire all of Kings*,
Deliver'd from the *Egyptian Awe*
Of *Justice, Government, and Law*,
And free t'ereft what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,
To edifie upon the *Ruines*
Of *John of Leyden's old Out-goings*;
Who for a *Weather-cock* hung up,
Upon their *Mother Church's Top*,
Was made a *Type*, by *Providence*,
Of all the *Revelations since*;

And

And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
 Who equally mistook their Measures:
 For when they came to shape the *Model*,
 Not one could fit another's Noddle:
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide
 From Fudging than th'Unsanctify'd;
 While ev'ry individual Brother
 Strove Hand to Fist against another,
 And still the maddest and most crackt,
 Were found the busiest to Transact;
 For tho' most Hands dispatch apace,
 And *make light Work*, (the Proverb says;)
 Yet many different Intellects
 Are found t'have contrary Effects;
 And many Heads t'obstruct Intrigues,
 As slowest Insects have most Legs.

Some were for setting up a King,
 But all the rest for no such thing,
 Unless King JESUS: Others tamper'd
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;
 Some for the *Rump*, and some more crafty,
 For *Agitators* and the *Safety*;

Some for the Gospel, and Massacrees
 Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
 That swore to any Humane Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance ;
 Yea, tho' the ablest swearing Saint,
 That vouch'd the Bulls o'th' Covenant.
 Others for pulling down th' High-places
 Of *Synods and Provincial Classes*,
 That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
 Upon the *Saints*, like bloody *Nimrods* :
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
 And th' Extirpation of *Excise* ;
 And some against th' *Ægyptian Bondage*
 Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage* :
 Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,
 And rectifying Bakers Loaves ;
 And some for finding out Expedients
 Against the Slav'ry of Obedience.
 Some were for *Gospel-Ministers*,
 And some for *Red-coat Seculars*,
 As Men most fit t'hold forth the Word,
 And weild *the one and th' other Sword*.

Some

Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk* :
Some for engaging to suppress
The *Camisado of Surplices*,
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward* ;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of *Popery*, than *Gospel-Light*.
Others were for Abolishing
That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,
With which th'unsanctify'd *Bridgroom*
Is marry'd only to a *Thumb* ;
(As wise as Ringing of a Pig,
That us'd break up Ground and dig ;)
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
That nulls the After-Marriage still.
Some were for th'utter Extirpation
Of *Lindsey-Woolsey* in the Nation ;
And some against all Idolizing
The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.
Others, to make all things recant
The *Christian* or *Surname of-Saint* ;

And force all *Churches, Streets, and Towns,*
The *Holy Title* to renounce.

Some 'gainst a *Third Estate of Souls,*
And bringing down the Price of Coals;

Some for abolishing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Blood in;

To abrogate them Root and Branches ;
While others were for *eating Haunches*

Of Warriors, and *now and then*

The *Flesh of Kings and Mighty Men ;*

And some for breaking of their Bones

With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret Ones ;*

For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells

For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.

Things that the *Legend* never heard of,

But made the Wicked fore afear'd of.

The Quacks of Government, (who sat

At th'unregarded *Helm of State,*

And understood this wild Confusion,

Of fatal Madness and Delusion,

Must, sooner than a Prodigy,

Portend Destruction to be nigh.)

Consider'd

Consider'd timely how t'withdraw,
And save their Wind-Pipes from the Law;
For one Rencounter at the Bar,
Was worse than all th'had 'scap'd in War;
And therefore met in Consultation,
To *Cont* and *Quack* upon the Nation;
Not for the sickly Patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
More wise than fumbling Arteries;
Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,
And from the Grave recover——*Gait*.

'Mong these there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads than a *Beast in Vision*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the *Whores of Babylon*;
So Politick, as if one Eye
Upon the other were a Spy;
That to trappan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink:
And in his dark pragmatick Way
As busie as a Child at Play.

H'had seen three Governments run down,
And had a Hand in ev'ry one ;
Was for 'em and against them all,
But Barb'rous when they came to fall ;
For by *Trappanning* th'old to Ruine,
He made his Int'rest with the new one ;
Plaid true and faithful, tho' against
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the Witchcraft of Rebellion
Transform'd t'a feeble *State-Camelion*,
By giving Aim from either side,
He never fail'd to save his Tide,
But got the start of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'er came too late ;
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath ;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' highest Trust, and out for New.
For when h'had happily incurr'd,
Instead of Hemp to be preferr'd,
And past upon the Government,
He play'd his Trick, and out he went:

But

wn, But being out, and out of Hopes.
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The publick Ruine, and his own.
So little did he understand
The desp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h'had got himself a Name
For Fraud and Tricks, he spoil'd his Game;
Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To shew his play at *Fast and Loose*;
And when he chanc'd t'escape, mistook
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
aith, And both together most profound
At Deeds of Darkness under Ground:
As th'Earth is easiest undermin'd,
By Vermin Impotent and Blind.

By all these Arts, and many more,
H'had practis'd long and much before,
Our *State-Artificer* foresaw
Which way the World began to draw.

For as Old *Sinners* have all Points
O'th' Compass in their Bones and Joints;
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
And better than by *Napier's Bones*,
Feel in their own, the Age of Moons:
So guilty Sinners in a State,
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
And in their Consciences feel Pain
Some Days before a Shower of Rain.
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t'*insure his Throat*;
And hither came t'observe and smook
What Courses other Riskers took:
And to his utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.

To match this Saint, there was another
As busie, and perverse a Brother,
An Haberdasher of Small Wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs;
More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel:

For

For when h'had taught his Tribe to spouse
The Cause, aloft, upon one House,
He scorn'd to set his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went farther;
So fullenly addicted still
To's only Principle, his *Will*,
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of Argument could move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade* of *Ho'born*,
Could render half a Grain less stubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th'Opportunity t'*Harangue*;
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear Delight, to wrangle :
In which his Parts were so accomplisht,
'That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plust;
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of Weight it bore, with greater Ease,
And with its everlasting Clack
Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack,
No sooner could a Hint appear,
But up he started to picqueer,

And made the stoutest yield to Mercy,
When he engag'd in *Controversie* :
Not by the force of Carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing ;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable.
For tho' his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a Freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Against the desp'ratest Assaults ;
And back'd their feeble want of Sense,
With greater Heat and Confidence :
As Bones of *Hectors*, when they differ,
The more they're *Cudgel'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The Fury of his Heat abated :
For nothing but his Interest
Could lay his Devil of Contest.
It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,
T'espouse the Cause for *Bett'r* or *Worse*,
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And *Soul*, and *Body*, worshipp'd it :
But

But when he found the sullen *Trapſe*,
 Poſſeſt with th'*Devil*, *Worms*, and *Claps* ;
 The *Trojan Mare*, in Foal with *Greeks*,
 Not half ſo full of *Jadiſh Tricks*,
 Tho' Squeamiſh in her Outward Woman,
 As Loofe and Rampant as *Dol Common* ;
 He ſtill reſolv'd to mend the Matter,
 T'adhere and cleave the Obſtinater ;
 And ſtill the ſkittiſher and looſer
 Her Freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer.
 For *Fools are ſtubborn in their Way*,
 As *Coins are harden'd by th' Alloy* ;
 And Obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

ſer. Theſe Two, with Others, being met,
 And cloſe in Conſultation ſet ;
 After a diſcontented Pauſe,
 And not without ſufficient Cauſe,
 The Orator we nam'd of late,
 Leſs troubled with the Pangs of State,
 Than with his own Impatience,
 To give himſelf firſt Audience,

After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke Silence, and the Ice.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last Out-goings brought about,
More than to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Forehead :
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns;
And, since our Workings-out are crost,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost,
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others ;
But, in their own Sense, only swore
To strive to run away before ;
And now would prove, that Words and Oath
Engage us to renounce them both ?

'Tis

'Tis true, the Cause is in the Lurch,
Between a Right and Mungrel Church,
The **P**resbyter and **I**ndependant,
That stickle which shall make an end on't:
And 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,——(I mean, *Marg'ret's* Fast)
When Providence had been suborn'd,
What Answer was to be return'd?
Else why should Tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame,
As, when they serve our turns, t'inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd
With Drums and Rattles, like a Child;
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our scouring of our Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition;
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became strong Motives to Devotion;

(As Carnal Seamen, in a Storm,
Turn pious Converts, and reform ;)
When rusty Weapons, with chalk'd Edges,
Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,
And Brown-Bills, levy'd in the City,
Made Bills to pass the *Grand Committee* ;
When Zeal, with aged Clubs and Gleaves,
Gave Chase to *Rockets*, and *White Sleeves*,
And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit t'*Old Iron* and the Cause.

And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So we might better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need,
Tumults, by which the Mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The Hollow-hearted, Dis-affected,
And close Malignants are detected ;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to secure our own ;
And freely sacrifice their Ears
T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.

And

And yet for all these Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our Senses,
We idly sit like stupid Blockheads,
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,
And nothing but our Tongues at large,
To get the Wretches a Discharge.
Like Men condemn'd to Thunder-Bolts,
Who, e'er the Blow, become meer Dolts;
Or Fools, besotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
And neither have the Hearts to stay,
Nor Wit enough to run away;
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall (at least) together;
No mean nor trivial Solaces
To Partners in extream Distress,
Who use to lessen their Despairs,
By parting them int' equal shares;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the Weight the easier;
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his Turn among.

But 'tis not come to that as yet,
 If we had Courage left, or Wit;
 Who, when our Fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest Course;
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best Defence, *Despair*;
 Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,
 By b'ing courageously out-brav'd;
 As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
 And Poisons by themselves expell'd;
 And so they might be now agen,
 If we were, what we should be, *Men*;
 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against our selves with Fate;
 As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of Breaking Covenants,
 And setting up Exauns of Saints,
 That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
 To be excus'd the Efficace.

For Spiritual Men are too Transcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang *Mahomet* in th' Air,
Or *St. Ignatius* at his Prayer,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State;
Disdain the Pedantry o'th' Letter,
And since Obedience is better
(The *Scripture* says) than Sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' Account or Question.
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As *Whittington* explain'd the Bells;
And bid themselves turn-back agen
Lord May'rs of *New Jerusalem*.
But look so big and over-grown,
They scorn their Edifiers t'own,

Who

Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,
 Their Tones, and Sanctify'd Expressions;
 Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
 Like Charity on those that want;
 And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
 T'inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes;
 For which they scorn and hate them, worse
 Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-guelders.
 For who first bred them up to Pray,
 And Teach, the *House of Commons* way?
 Where had they all their Gifted Phrases,
 But from our Calimies and Cases?
 Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,
 Who had e'er heard of *Nye* or *Twen*?
 Their *Dispensations* had been stifled,
 But for our *Adoniram Byfield*.
 And had they not begun the War,
 Th'had ne'er been *Sanctified* as they are.
 For *Saints* in Peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to Reprobate;
 Their *Zeal* corrupts, like standing Water,
 In th'Intervals of *War* and *Slaughter*;
Abates

Abates the Sharpness of its Edge,
Without the Power of Sacrilege.
And tho' th'have Tricks to cast their Sins,
As easie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,
And from the most Refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow Miscreants,
As Barnacles turn'd *Soland* Geese
In th' Islands of the *Orcades*.
Their *Dispensation's* but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked;
With whom the greatest Difference
Lies more in Words and Shew than Sense:
For as the *Pope*, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wearst three Crowns of State;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud *Cerb'rus*, wears three Heads as well:
And, if the World has any Troth,
Some have been Cannoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest Harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which

Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fevers still, like other Goats;
For tho' the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their Spiritual Goods,
With fierce and pertinacious Fewds.
For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independants to profess
The Doctrine of Dependences;
Turns Meek and Secret sneaking ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody Bones:
And not content with endless Quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The *Gibellines*, for want of *Guelfs*,
Divert their Rage upon themselves.
For now the War is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin;
But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;

Where

Where neither side can lay pretence
 To Liberty of Conscience,
 Of Zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
 To gain one Groats-worth of Applause :
 For tho' endur'd with Resolution,
 'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.
 Shall precious Saints and secret ones
 Break one another's outward Bones,
 And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
 Instead of Kings, and mighty Men
 When Fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater Elves
 When *Bell's* at Union with the *Dragon*,
 And *Baal-Peor* friends with *Dagon*;
 When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by the Ears,
 And not atone their fatal Wrath,
 When common Danger threatens both?
 Shall Mastiffs, by the Collars pull'd,
 Engag'd with Bulls, let go their Hold?
 And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at
 No Notice of the Danger take? [Stake,
 But

But tho' no Pow'r of Heav'n or Hell
 Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal ;
 Who would not guess there might be Hopes,
 The Fear of Gallowses and Ropes,
 Before their Eyes, might reconcile
 Their Animosities a while ?
 At least until th' had a clear Stage,
 And equal Freedom to engage,
 Without the Danger of Surprise
 By both our common Enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,
 Who understand their Workings-out ;
 And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,
 Giv'n up t'as Reprobate a Nonsense,
 As Spiritual Out-Laws, whom the Pow'r
 Of Miracle cannot restore.
 We, whom at first they set up under,
 In Revelation only of Plunder,
 Who since have had so many Trials
 Of their encroaching Self-denials,
 That rook'd upon us with Design
 To Out-reform and Undermine ;

Took

C A N T O II. 111

Took all our Interests and Commands
 Perfidiously out of our Hands;
 Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
 Without the Motive-Gains allow'd,
 And made us serve as Ministerial,
 Like younger Sons of Father *Belial*.

And yet for all th' inhumane Wrong
 Th' had done us, and the Cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The Work still, as we had begun:
 But true and faithfully obey'd,
 And neither Preach'd them Hurt, nor Pray'd;
 Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
 Nor Hang us, like the *Cavaliers*;
 Nor put them to the Charge of *Jails*,
 To find us *Pillories* and *Cart-Tails*,
 Or *Hang-man's Wages*, which the State
 Was forc't (before them) to be at;
 That cut, like *Tallies*, to the Stumps
 Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
 And burnt our Vessels, like a New
 Seal'd Peck or Bushel, for being true.

But

But Hand in Hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held forth the Cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield,
One Syllable of what he held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward Things and outward Men:
Our inward Man and constant Frame,
Of Spirit still were near the same.
And till they first began to Cant,
And sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had Call in any Place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down *Free-Grace*;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Against the Common Enemy.
Although it was our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a *Rimmon*.
And yet for all this Gospel Union,
And outward shew of Church Communion,
They'll ne'er admit us to our Shares,
Of Ruling Church, or State-Affairs:
Nor give us leave to absolve, or sentence
To our own Conditions of Repentance:

But

But shar'd our Dividend o'th' Crown,
We had so painfully Preach'd down:
And forc'd us, tho' against the Grain,
T'have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Justice to restore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before:
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W'had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the Right w'have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about;
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share
At least in carrying on th' Affair.
But whether that be so or not,
W'have done enough to have it thought;
And

And that's as good as if w' had don't,
And easier past upon account :
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The World is naturally averse
To all the Truth it sees or hears,
But swallows Nonsense and a Lye,
With Greediness and Gluttony ;
And tho' it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the Wrong :
As Women long when they're with Child,
For things extravagant and wild,
For Meats ridiculous, and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;
And, like the World, Mens Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles ;
And what they're confidently told,
By no Sense else can be control'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the Means,
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as Relapses make Diseases
More desperate than their first Accesses ;

If

If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is easier than before;
And we more ready and expert
Th' Mystery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The first War to create, than to make;
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on;
Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own:
And if we did such Feats at first,
What can we now we're better vers'd;
Who have a freer Latitude
Than Sinners give themselves allow'd?
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest Terms, our Discipline.
To which it was reveal'd long since,
We were ordain'd by Providence:
When three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
The Cause's Primitive Confessors,
B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood
In just so many Years of Blood:
That

That multiply'd by Six, exprefs'd
The perfect Number of the Beast,
And prov'd that we must be the Men,
To bring this Work about agen :
And those who laid the first Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation :
For who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but we alone ?
What Churches have such able Pastors ?
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching Masters ?
Possess'd with absolute Dominions,
O'er Brethrens Purses and Opinions ?
And trusted with the double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses ;
Who, when the Cause is in Distress,
Can furnish out what Sums they please,
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
To be dispos'd at their Commands :
And daily increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use, and Usury,
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattle are ;))

From

From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions ;
And share them from Blue Ribbands down
To all Blue Aprons in the Town.
From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cor'nets at their Footmens Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab ;
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better ty'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any side ;
Has one considerabl' Improvement,
To double fortifie the Cov'nant :
I mean our Covenants, to purchase
Delinquents Titles and the Churches :
That pass in Sale, from Hand to Hand,
Among our selves, for curreant Land ;
And Rise or Fall, like *Indian* Actions,
According to the Rate of Factions :
Our best Reserve for Reformation,
When New Out-goings give Occasion :
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t' assert :
And

And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
 Will once more try th' Expedient,
 Who can already muster Friends,
 To serve for Members, to our Ends,
 That represent no part o'th' Nation,
 But fisher's-folly Congregation
 Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
 And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs,
 Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
 T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit :
 Can order Matters under-hand,
 To put all Business to a stand :
 Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,
 And make 'em one another drive out ;
 Divert the Great and Necessary,
 With Trifles to contest and vary ;
 And make the Nation represent,
 And serve for us in Parliament ;
 Cut out more Work than can be done
 On *Plato's* Year ; but finish none,
 Unless it be the Bulls of *Lenthal*,
 That always pass for Fundamental,

Could

Could set up Grandee against Grandee,
To squander Time away, and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privilegēs;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable Peril
Of both their Ruines; th' only Scope
And Consolation of our Hope:
Who, tho' we do not play the Game,
Assist as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce our Ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions to act their Parts;
Know what a Leading Voice is worth,
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth;
How much a Casting Voice comes to,
That turns up Trump of *I*, or *No*;
And by adjusting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that so much Study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost;
Unless our Ancient *Virtuoso's*,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These

These are the Courses that we took
To carry things by Hook or Crook :
And practis'd down from Forty four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door :
Besides the Herds of *Boutefeus*,
We set on Work without the House.
When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
Kept Legislative Journey-men;
To bring them in Intelligence,
From all Points, of the Rabbles Sense ;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houses
With Politick Important Buzzes :
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Designs without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our present Use.
Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
And every one his Part rehearse.
Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay
What th' other Party's like to say :
What Repartees; and smart Reflections
Shall be return'd to all Objections :

And

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And who shall break the Master-Jest,
 And what, and how, upon the rest:
 Help Pamphlets out, with false Editions,
 Of proper Slanders and Seditious:
 And Treason for a Token send,
 By Letter, to a Country Friend:
 Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,
 That Men like Burglary, commit:
 Wit falser than a Padder's Face,
 That all, its Owner does, betrays;
 Who therefore dares not trust it when
 He's in his Calling to be seen.
 Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,
 To bring new Weeds of *Discord* forth.
 Be sure to keep up *Congregations*,
 In spite of Laws and Proclamations;
 For *Chiarlatans* can do no good,
 Until they're mounted in a Crowd:
 And when they're punish'd, all the Hurt
 Is but to fare the better for't;
 As long as Confessors are sure
 Of double pay for all th' endure:

And what they earn in Persecution,
 Are paid t' a Groat in *Contribution*.
 Whence some ~~Tub~~-*Holders* forth have made
 In *Powd'ring-Tubs* their richest Trade ;
 And, while they kept their Shops in Prison,
 Have found their Prices strangely risen.
 Disdain to own the least Regret,
 For all the Christian Blood w' have let ;
 'Twill save our Credit, and maintain
 Our Title to do so again :
 That needs not cost one drop of Sense,
 But Pertinacious *Impudence*.
 Our Constancy t' our Principles,
 In Time will wear out all things else :
 Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,
 With Gallantry of Pilgrims Kisses ;
 While those who turn and wind their Oaths
 Have swell'd and funk, like other Froths.
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
 Before from World to World they swung :
 As they had turn'd from side to side,
 And as the Changelings liv'd, they dy'd.

This

This said, the impatient States-Monger
 Could now contain himself no longer;
 Who had not spar'd to shew his Piques
 Against th' Haranguer's Politicks?
 With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,
 And Annotations of Grimaces,
 After h' had ministred a Dose
 Of *Snuff-Mundungus* to his Nose,
 And powder'd th' Inside of his Scull,
 Instead of th' Outer Jobbernoil,
 He shook it with a scornful Look
 On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke:

In Dressing a Calf's-Head, altho'
 The Tongue and Brains together go,
 Both keep so great a Distance here,
 'Tis strange if ever they come near;
 For who did ever play his Gambols,
 With such insufferable Rambles?
 To make the bringing in the KING,
 And keeping of him out, one thing?
 Which none could do, but those who swore
 T'as point-blank Nonsense heretofore:

That to Defend, was to Invade,
And to assassinate, to Aid:
Unless, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your Uses.
'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oil is said
To cure the Wounds the Vermin made;
And Weapons dress'd with Salves, restore
And heal the Hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good Nature as the Salve,
Or Virtue in them as the Vermin,
Those who have try'd 'em can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
Y' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation;
B'us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just Reward.

For

For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but no further :
And setting all the Land on Fire,
To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher :
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State :
And not b' allow'd the fittest Men
To take the Charge of both agen.
Especially that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face ;
Who when your Projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second Hand ;
As we have been, to share the Guilt
Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt :
For so our Ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn our selves, t' avoid being damn'd :
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
Was like to lurch you at *Eack-Gammon* ;
And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but Bet :

(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd 'em on the self same Score,)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul Play ;
And brought you down to Rook ; and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By ;
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty Poles ;
And rescu'd all your outward Traitors
From hanging up like *Alligators* ;
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude ;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Those were your Motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side,
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conscience and Remorse :
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New again :
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots when they turn to Flies:

And

And therefore, all your Lights and Calls
 Are but Apocryphal, and False,
 To charge us with the Consequences
 Of all your Native Insolencies;
 That to your own imperious Wills,
 Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels;
 Corrupted the Old Testament,
 To serve the New for Precedent;
 T' amend its Errors and Defects,
 With Murder and Rebellion-Texts;
 Of which there is not any one,
 In all the Book, to sow upon;
 And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian Doctrine forth in Use;
 As Mahomet (your Chief, began
 To mix them in the *Alchoran*;
 Depounc'd and pray'd, with fierce Devotion,
 And bended Elbows on the Cushion;
 Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
 And gifted mortifying Groans;
 Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
 As Pigs are said to see the Wind;

Fill'd *Bedlam* with *Predstination*,
 And *Knights-Bridge* with *Illumination*:
 Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
 As bad as *Bloody-Bones* or *Lunsford*,
 While Women, Great with Child, miscarry'd
 For being to Malignants marry'd;
 Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilahs*,
 Whose Husbands are not for the Cause;
 And turn'd the Men to Ten-horn'd Cattel,
 Because they came not out to Battel:
 Made *Taylors* Prentices turn Heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to *Meroz*;
 And rather forfeit their Indentures,
 Than not espouse the Saints Adventures.

Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,
 And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like *Orpheus*,
 Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,
 T' obey and follow your Commands;
 And settle on a new Free-hold,
 As *Marcy-Hill* had done of Old.
 Could turn the Covenant, and translate
 The Gospel into Spoons and Plate:

Expound

Expound upon all Merchants Cashes,
And open th' intricate Places :
Could Catechize a Money-Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox ;
Until the Cause became a *Damon*,
And *Pythias* the Wicked *Mammon*.

And yet, in spite of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up in Arms ;
And raise more Devils in the *Bour*,
Than e'er y' were able to cast out :
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those Tools,
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools ;
Who, though but Gifted at your Feet ;
Have made it plain they have more Wit.
By whom y' been so oft trepann'd,
And held-forth out of all Command :
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carrying-on.
Of all your *Dispensations* Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd ;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the Peoples Hate :

And spirited out of th'Enjoyments,
Of precious, edifying Employments;
By those who lodg'd their *Gifts* and *Graces*,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
All which you bore, with Resolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution;
And though, most righteously oppress'd,
Against your Wills still acquiest:
And never Humm'd and Hau'd *Sedition*,
Nor snuff'd *Treason*, nor Misprision.
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your *Posse* of the *Rabble*:
One single Red-Coat Centinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And with his Squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse.
We know too well those Tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your Powers:
Or trust our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your Disposing of Out-goings:

Or to your Ord'ring Providence,
One Farthings-worth of Consequence.

For had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Design,
Or Correspondence, to trappan,
Inveigle, or betray one Man;
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to use the means:
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in *Kings*, or keep them out:
Brave Undertakers to restore,
That could not keep your selves in Pow'r;
T'advance the Int'rests of the *Crown*,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in both;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your Zealous want of Sense,
And sanctify'd Impertinence;
Your carrying Bus'ness in a Huddle,
That forc'd our Rulers to New Model;

Oblig'd the State to tack about,
 And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;
 To Reformado, One and All,
 T' your Great *Croystado*, General.
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
 Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r,
 That sprung the Game you were to set,
 Before y' had time to draw the Net:
 Your Spite to see the Church's Lands
 Divided into other Hands,
 And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
 Laid out in Tickets and Debentures;
 Your Envy to be sprinkled down,
 By Under Churches in the Town;
 And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths
 Nor sh' *Independents* spreading Growths.
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true,
 None bring him in so much as you:
 Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,
 The Midnight *Junto's*, and seal'd *Knots*;
 That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
 Than all their own rash Politicks.

And this way you may claim a Share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair;
Else Frogs and Toads, that croak'd the *Jews*
From *Pharaoh*, and his Brick-kilns lose:
And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,
From Task-Masters, and Slavery,
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any Indiff'rent Man's conceit;
For who e're heard of *Restoration*,
Until your thorough *Reformation*?
That is, the *King's* and *Churches* Lands
Were sequestred int' other Hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your Eyes were open'd to restore.
And when the Work was carrying on,
Who crost it, but your selves alone?
As, by a World of Hints, appears,
All plain, and extant as your Ears.

But first, o'th' first; The Isle of *Wight*
Will rise up, if you should deny't;
Where *Dendrofor*, and th' other Masses,
Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases:

To pass for deep and Learned Scholars;
 Although but Paltry ~~Ob~~ and ~~Sotters~~:
 As if th' unseasonable Fools
 Had been a Coursing in the Schools;
 Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
 O'th' ~~Cob~~'nant; and the Cause, his Daughter.
 For when they charg'd him with the Guilt
 Of all the Bloöd that had been spilt;
 They did not mean he wrought th' Effusion
 In Person, like Sir ~~Pride~~, or ~~Lushon~~:
 But only those who first begun
 The Quarrel, were by him set on.
 And who could those be but the ~~Sainte~~,
 Those *Reformation* Termagants?

But 'ere this past, the wise Debate
 Spent so much Time, it grew too late;
 For ~~Oliver~~ had gotten Ground,
 T'inclose him with his Warriors round:
 Had brought his Providence about,
 And turn'd th' untimely Sophists out.

Nor had the *Uxbridge* Bus'ness less
 Of Nonsense in't, or Sottishness;

When

When from a Scoundrel ~~Holder~~ ^{forth},
The Scum as well as Son o'th' Earth,
Your mighty Senators took Law,
At his Command, were forc'd t'withdraw;
And sacrifice the *Peace* o'th' Nation
To *Doctrine*, *Use*, and *Application*.
So when the *Scots*, your constant Cronies,
Th'Espousers of your Cause and Monies:
Who had so often, in your Aid,
So many ways been soundly paid;
Came in at last for better Ends,
To prove themselves your trusty Friends;
You basely left them, and the Church,
They'd train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true *Philistines*.
This shews what Utensils y' have been,
To bring the *King's* Concernments in;
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into Trust,
Will find you most exactly Just:

Such as will punctually repay
With double Int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times,
Are less ingenious in their Art,
Than those who dully act one Part ;
Or those who turn from Side to Side ;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a wise Man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,
Who change them for the same Intrigues
That States-Men use in breaking Leagues:
While others in old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd, as in out of Fashion'd Cloaths:
And nastier, in an old Opinion,
Than those who never shift their Linen.

For *True* and *Faithful's* sure to lose,
Which way soever the Game goes :
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is alway's nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While *Pow'r usurp'd*, like stol'n Delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.

And

And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may We, if w'have but Sense
To use the necessary Means,
And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights, and Dreams.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Cob'nant on Crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches,
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w'are sure to prop our own:
Your constant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your inward Sense, and outward,
Are worse, than if y'had none, accounted.

I grant, all Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the Difficulty's, *How?*
Tis true! w'have *Money*, th' only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before:

Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all things:

And therefore need not doubt our Play,
Has all Advantages that way:

As long as Men have Faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;
Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
One Church and State will not suffice
T' expose to Sale; besides the Wages
Of storing Plagues to after-Ages.

Nor is our Money less our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
If we are brought in Play upon't;
Or, but by casting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win?

We know the Arts we us'd before,
In Peace and War, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments:
For when w' are taken into Trust,
How easie are the Wisest chous'd?

Who

Who see but th'Outsides of our Fears,
And not their secret Springs and Weights :
And while th'are busie, at their Ease,
Can carry what Designs we please :
How easie is't to serve for Agents,
To prosecute our own Engagements ?
To keep the Good Old Cause on Foot,
And prevent Pow'r from taking Root ?
Inflame them both with false Alarms.
Of Plots, and Parties taking Arms ;
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
From healing up of Side to Side,
Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
For both their Interests, by Turns.
The only way t'improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none ;
(As Bowls run true by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together ;
And therefore have no other Means,
To stand upon our own Defence ;

But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigour, Confident and Hearty ;
To reconcile our late *Dissenters*,
Our Brethren, tho' by other Ventures,
Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,
As long and short Sticks are in Faggots.
And make them join against us close,
As when they first began t'Espouse ;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State ;
To join in Marriage and Commerce,
And only 'mong themselves Converse.
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind :
Take all *Religions* in and stickle,
From *Conclave* down to *Conventicle* ;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for *Liberty of Conscience*,
And Spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense :
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary ;

And

And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit :
Protect their Emissaries, empow'r'd
To preach Sedition and the Word :
And when th'are hamper'd by the Laws,
Release the Lab'ers for the Cause ;
And turn the Persecution back
On those that made the first Attack.

To keep them equally in Awe,
From breaking, or maintaining Law ;
And when they have their Fits too soon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon :
Put off their Zeal t'a fitter Season,
For sowing *Faction* in, and *Treason* ;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the blessed Time shall come,
Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,
They may be ready to restore
Their own *Fifth-Monarchy* once more ;
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Against Revolts of Providence :

By

By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind Sides of it, as they happen :
For, if Success could make us *Saints*,
Our Ruine turn'd as Miscreants :
A Scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the Courses we must run,
Spite of our Hearts, or be undone :
And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have secur'd our Necks.
But do our Work, as out of Sight,
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night :
All License of the *People* own,
In Opposition to the *Crown*.
And for the *Crown* as fiercely side,
The Head and Body to divide.
The End of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind :
Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
On all Emergencies that happen ;
For 'tis as easie to supplant
Authority, as Men in Want :

As some of us, in Trust have made,
The one Hand with the other Trade;
Gain'd vastly by their Joint Endeavour,
The Right, a Thief; the Left, Receiver;
And what the one, by Tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.

For *Gain* has wonderful Effects,

T'improve the Factory of *Sects* :

The Rule of Faith in all Professions,

And great *Diana* of th'*Ephesians* :

Whence turning of Religion's made

The Means to turn and wind a Trade.

And tho' some change it for the worse,

They put themselves into a Course;

And draw in store of Customers,

To thrive the better in Commerce :

For all Religions flock together,

Like Tame and Wild Fowl of a Feather;

To nab the Itches of their Sects,

As Jades do one another's Necks.

Hence 'tis *Hypocrisy*, as well,

Will serve t'improve a Church, as *ZEAL* :

As

As *Persecution*, or *Promotion*,
Do equally advance *Devotion*.

Let *Business*, like ill *Watches*, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow :
For *Things* in *Order* are put out
So easie, *Ease* it self will do't.

But when the *Feat's* design'd and meant,
What *Miracle* can bar th'*Event* ?

For 'tis more easie to betray,
Than ruine any other way.

All possible *Occasions* start,
The weighty'st *Matters* to divert :
Obstruct, *Perplex*, *Distract*, *Intangle*,
And lay perpetual *Trains* to wrangle :
But in *Affairs* of less import,
That neither do us *Good* nor *Hurt*,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply :
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our *Hooks* for greater *Trust*,

But still be careful to cry down
All publick *Actions*, tho' our own :

The

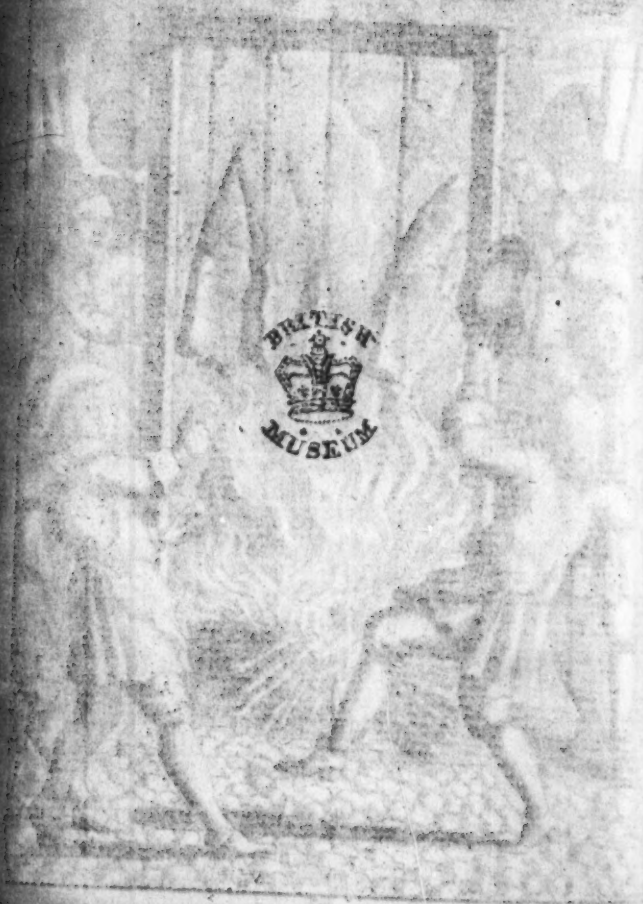
The least Miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the *State* ;
Express the horrid'st Detestation,
And pity the distracted Nation.
Tell Stories, scandalous and false,
T' th' proper Language of Cabals ;
Where all a subtil States-man says,
Is half in Words, and half in Face ;
(As *Spaniards* talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entrust it under Solemn Vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
To be Retail'd again in Whispers,
For th'easie Credulous to disperse.

Thus far the States-man.--When a Shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out ;
And strait another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste :
Who star'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, *as out of Breath* ;
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits :

That

That Beastly Rabble,---that came down
 From all the Garrets---in the Town,
 And Stalls, and Shop-boards,--in vast Swarms,
 With new chalk'd Bills,---and rusty Arms,
 To cry the Cause---up, heretofore,
 And bawl the BISHOPS---out of Door;
 Are now drawn up,---in greater Shoals,
 To Roast---and Broil us on the Coals;
 And all the *Grandeers*---of our Members
 Are Carbonading---on the Embers;
 Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses---
 Held forth by *Bumps*---of Pigs and Geese,
 That serve for Characters---and Badges,
 To represent their Personages.
 Each Bone-fire is a Funeral Pile,
 In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil,
 And ev'ry Representative
 Have vow'd to Roast---and Broil alive;
 And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
 Already sacrific'd Incarnate.
 For while we wrangle here, and jar,
 W're Grylly'd all at Temple-Bar:
 Some,





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Some, on the Sign-Post of an Ale-house,
Hang in *Effigy*, for the Gallows,
Made up of *Rags* to personate
Respective *Officers of State* ;
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Listed under *Dun* ;
That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows ;
The activ'st Member of the Five,
As well as the most Primitive :
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is chosen for a Fifth agen ;
(For, since the *State* has made a Quint
Of *Generals*, has listed in't.)
This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own way ;
For moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th'have pick'd from Dung-hills thereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant *Baker* gave 'em :
And,

And, to the largest Bone-fire riding,
 They've roasted Cook already, and *Pride-m.*
 On whom, in Equipage and State,
 His Scare-crow Fellow-Members wait;
 And March in order, Two and Two,
 As at Thanksgivings th'us'd to do:
 Each in a tatter'd *Talisman*,
 Like Vermin in an Effigy slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
 Those *Rumps* are but the Tail o'th' Beast,
 Set up by *Popish* Engineers,
 As by the Crackers plainly appears;
 For, none but *Jesuits* have a Mission,
 To preach the *Faith* with *Ammunition*,
 And propagate the *Church* with *Powder*,
 Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.
 Those Spiritual Pioneers o'th' Whore's,
 That have the Charge of all her Stores;
 Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
 Do take in Heav'n by springing Mines;
 And with unanswerable Barrels
 Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels:

Now

Now take a Course more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Battle
And blow us up in th'open Streets;
Disguis'd in Bumps, like *Sambenites*;
More like to Ruin and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground.

Nor have they chosen Bumps amiss,
For Symbols of *State Mysteries*;
Tho' some suppose, 'twas but a shew
How much they scorn'd the *Saints*, the Few
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the Stumps,
Are represented best by Bumps.

But *Jesuits* have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far-fetches:
And from their Coptick Priest, *Kircherus*,
Found out this Mystick way to jear us.
For, as the *Egyptians* us'd, by Bees,
T'express their *Antique Prolomies*;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Because these subtil Animals
Bear all their Int'rest in their Tails;

And

And when they're once impair'd in that,
 Are banish'd their well-order'd State :
 They thought, all Governments were best,
 By Hieroglyphick **Bumps** exprest.

For, as in Bodies Natural,
 The **Rump's** the Fundament of all ;
 So, in a *Common-wealth*, or Realm,
 The Government is call'd the *Helm* :
 With which, like Vessels under Sail,
 They're turn'd and winded by the *Tail*.
 The *Tail*, which Birds and Fishes steer
 Their Courses with, thro' Sea and Air ;
 To whom the Rudder of the **Rump** is
 The same thing with the Stern and Compass.
 This shews, how perfectly the **Rump**
 And *Common-wealth* in Nature jump.
 For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
 Rests with his Tail above his Head ;
 So in this *Mungril* State of ours,
 The **Rabble** are the Supreme Powers ;
 That Hors'd us on their Backs, to show us
 A *Jadish* Trick at last, and throw us.

The

The Learned Rabbins of the *Jews*
Write, there's a Bone, which they call *Luez*,
Ith' Rump of Man, of such a Virtue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to ;
And therefore, at the last Great Day,
All th'other Members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All Sorts of Vegetals proceed : —
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, justly stile that part.

Then what can better represent,
Than this *Rump Bone*, the *Parliament* ?
That after several rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Resurrections ;
With new Reversions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives ?

But now, alas, they're all expir'd,
And th'*House*, as well as *Members*, fir'd,
Consum'd in Kennels, by the *Rout*,
With which they other Fires put out :
Condemn'd t'ungoverning Distress,
And paulty, private Wretchedness ;
Worse

Worse than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all Hopes of Restauration :
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.
We, who could lately with a Look
Enact, Establish, or Revoke ;
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept Multitudes in Awe ;
Before the Bluster of whose Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off ;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man and Valet.
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats ;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's just as low as high ;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The Horror, that attends our Fall :
For, some of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge ;
And others who, by restless scraping,
With publick Frauds, and private Rapine ;
Have

Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last :

And to be but undone, Entail

Their Vessels on perpetual Jail ;

And bless the Devil to let them Farms

Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Terms.

This said, a near and louder Shout

Put all th' Assembly to the Rout :

Who now begun to out-run their Fear,

As Horses do, from those they bear :

But crouded on, with so much haste,

Until th' had block'd the Passage fast ;

And Barricado'd it with Haunches

Of Outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches,

That with their Shoulders strove to squeeze,

And rather save a crippled Piece

Of all their crush'd and broken Members,

Than have them Grillied on the Embers :

Still pressing on with heavy Packs,

Of one another, on their Backs :

The Van-Guard could no longer bear

The Charges of the Forlorn Rere ;

But

But born down headlong by the Rout,
Were trampled sorely under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As th'horrid *Cookery* of the *Rabble* :
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As lesser Pains are by the Gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
Of rally'd Force, enough to fly,
And beat a *Tuscan* Running Horse,
Whose Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.





THE ARGUMENT of the
THIRD CANTO.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious Flight,
To quit th' Inchantèd Bow'r by Night :
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
To a Plea in Law, and prosecute :
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
Bout managing the Enterprize :
But first Resolves to try by Letter,
And ope more fair Address, to get her.

CANTO III.



WHO would believe what strange
[Bagbears
Mankind creates it self, of Fears,
That spring like Fern, that
[Insect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed ;

and have no possible Foundation,
But meerly in th' Imagination :
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats :
Make

Make more bewitch and haunt themselves
Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.
For Fear does Things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which;
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences;
As *Rosi-crusian Virtuosi's*,
Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses*:
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the Dark see *Visions*,
And hag themselves with *Apparitions*:
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subt'lest Objects best.
Do Things not contrary alone
To th' Course of Nature, but its own:
The Courage of the Bravest daunt,
And turn Poltroons as valiant;
For Men as resolute appear
With too much; as too little Fear.
And when they're out of Hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying:

Or turn again to stand it out,
 And those they fled, like Lions, Rout.
 This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
 Who, by the Furies, left perdue,
 And haunted with Detachments, sent
 From *Marshal Legions Regiment*;
 Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeit,
 Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat:
 When nothing but Himself, and Fear,
 Was by the *Imps and Conjuror*:
 As by the Rules o'th' *Virtuosi*,
 It follows in due *Form of Po'sie*.
 Disguis'd in all the Mask of Night,
 We left our Champion on his Flight:
 At *Blindmans-Buff* to grope his way,
 In equal fear of *Night and Day*:
 Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,
 He knew no better than his Horse;
 And by an unknown Devil led,
 He knew as little whither) fled.
 He never was in greater need,
 For less Capacity of Speed.

Q

Disa.

Disabled, both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, *his best*;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rear.
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer Side :
(As *Seamen* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Row'd the Horse* ;
And when the Hackney falls most swift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a-drift*)
So, tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His Fear was greater than his *Haste* :
For Fear, tho' fleetier than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began t'appear,
And shift t'*another Scene* his Fear ;
He found his new officious *Shade*,
That came so timely to his Aid,
And forc'd him from the Foe t'escape,
Had turn'd it self to *Ralpho's Shape* ;
So like in *Person, Garb, and Pitch*,
'Twas hard t'interpret *which was which*.

For *Ralpho* had no sooner told
 The Lady all he had r'unfold,
 But she convey'd him out of sight,
 To entertain th'approaching Knight.
 And while he gave himself Diversion,
 To accommodate his *Beast* and *Person*;
 And put his *Beard* into a Posture,
 At best Advantage, to accost her:
 She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,
 For his Reception) *aforesaid* :
 But when the Ceremony was done,
 The *Light's* put out, and *Fairies* gone;
 And *Hudibras*, amongst the rest,
 Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* guess'd :
 The wretched Caitiff all alone,
 As he believ'd) began to moan,
 And tell his Story to himself;
 The Knight mistook him for an Elf;
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at *Ralpho's* Outward Man;
 And thought, because they oft agreed,
 To appear in one another's stead,

And act the *Saint's* and *Devil's* Part,
With undistinguishable Art:
They might have done so now perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the Doubt,
He stair'd upon him, and cry'd out;
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some busie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?
Alas, *quoth he*, I'm none of those,
Your Bosom-Friends, as you suppose;
But *Ralph* himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh'has dragg'd your *Donship* out o'th' Mire,
And from th'Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh'had turn'd ye int'a Beast, have freed you;
And, tho' a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That's stranger (*quo' the Knight*) and stranger
Who gave thee notice of my Danger?

Quoth

Quoth he, Th'Infernal Conjuror

Pursu'd and took me Prisoner;

And knowing you were here about,

Brought me along, to find you out.

Where I, in Hugger-mugger hid,

Have noted all they said and did,

And tho' they lay to him the Pageant,

I did not see him, nor his Agent;

Who plaid their Sorceries out of fight,

T'avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then?

Not one, *quoth he*, but Carnal Men,

A little worse than Fiends in Hell,

And that She-Devil, *Jezebel*;

That laugh'd and teh-he'd with Derision,

To see them take your Deposition.

What then (*quoth Hudibras*) was he,

That plaid the Devil, t'examine me!

A rallying Weaver in the Town,

That did it in a Parson's Gown:

Whom all the Parish takes for gifted,

But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it;

In which you told them all your Feats,
 Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,
 Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd
 The naked Truth of all the rest,
 More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
 That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
 All which they took in Black and White,
 And cudgel'd me to under-write.

What made thee, when they all were gone,
 And none but thou and I alone,
 To act the Devil, and forbear
 To rid me of my *Hellish Fear*?

Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,
 And Frame of Sp'rit, too obstinate,
 To be by me prevail'd upon,
 With any Motives of my own:
 And therefore strove to counterfeit
 The Dev'l a-while, to nick your Wit:
 The Devil, that is your constant Crony,
 That only can prevail upon ye;
 Else we might still have been disputing,
 And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The

The Knight, who now began to find
 Th'had left the Enemy behind;
 And saw no farther Harm remain,
 But feeble Weariness and Pain;
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,
 Th'had gain'd th'Advantage of the Day:
 And by declining of the Road,
 They had by chance their Rear made good,
 He ventur'd to dismiss his *Fear*,
 That parting's wont to *Rant and Tear*,
 And gives the desperat'st Attack
 To Danger still behind its Back.
 For, having paus'd to recollect,
 And on his past Success reflect,
 T'examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how, he came to fly;
 And when no Devil had appear'd,
 What else, it could be said, he fear'd?
 It put him in so fierce a Rage,
 He once resolv'd to re-engage;
 Toss'd like a Foot-ball back again,
 With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain*.

Quoth he, It was thy Cowardise
That made me from this Leaguer rise;
And when I had half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.
Was better cover'd by the New
Arriv'd Detachment, than I knew:
To slight my new Acquests, and run
Victoriously, from Battles won.
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost.
To make me put my self to flight,
And Conqu'ring, run away by Night;
To drag me out, which th'haughty Foe
Durst never have presum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse,
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms and Equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal Fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward Man,
Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, *quod* Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve my self, but you.
 You, who were damn'd to baser Drubs,
 Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs;
 To mount two-wheel'd Carroches, worse
 Than managing a Wooden Horse:
 Dragg'd out thro' straiter Holes by th'Ears,
 Eras'd or Coup'd for Perjurers.
 Who, tho' th'Attempt had prov'd in vain,
 Had had no reason to complain;
 But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
 To blame the Hand that paid your Ransom,
 And rescu'd your obnoxious Bones
 From unavoidable Battoons.
 The Enemy was re-inforc'd,
 And we disabled, and unhors'd,
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for Fight;
 And no way left but hasty Flight.
 Which, tho' 'twas desperate in th'Attempt,
 Has given you Freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit Condition
 To re-inforce the Expedition,

'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of Falling on again :
No Martial Project to surprise,
Can ever be attempted twice ;
Nor cast Design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters rear their Losing-Cards.
Besides, our Bangs of Man and Beast,
Are fit for nothing now but Rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable :
And therefore I with Reason chose
This Stratagem t'amuse our Foes,
To make an Hon'able Retreat,
And wave a Total Sure Defeat :
For those that Fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely Running's no mean Part
Of Conduct in the Martial Art.
By which some Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by Breaking, thrive ;
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil.

'Tis

'Tis held the Gallant'st Courſe, and Braveſt,
 To great Exploits, as well as Safeſt,
 That ſpares th'Expence of Time and Pains,
 And dangerous Beating out of Brains.
 And in the end prevails as certain,
 As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
 To make their Fear do Execution
 Beyond the ſtoutest Reſolution;
 As Earth-quakes kill without a Blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow.
 If th'Ancients crown'd their braveſt Men,
 That only fav'd a Citizen,
 What Victory could e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
 Or Fight endanger'd to be loſt,
 Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
 By this means, when a Battle's won,
 The War's as far from being done:
 For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
 Go halves, at leaſt, i'th' Victory;
 And ſometimes, when the Loſs is ſmall,
 And Danger great, they challenge All.

Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazetts ;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun,
Have don't with Bonfires, and at home,
Made Squibs and Crackers overcome.
To set the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governours from Blame,
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells :
And tho' reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lie ;
And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
They've rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks.
For those who run from th'Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ;
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Those win the Day, that win the Race ;
And that which would not pass in Fights,
Has done the Feat with easie Sights.

Re-

recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign
With *Bordeaux*, *Burgundy*, and *Champagne*.
Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty,
With Brandy-wine and Aqua-vitæ;
And made them stoutly overcome,
With Bachrach, Hoccamore and Mum;
Whom th'uncontrol'd Degrees of Fate
To Victory necessitate;
With which, altho' they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or else their Sultan-Populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I understand
What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land;
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th'had won the Day:
Altho' the Rabble sous'd them for't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true our Modern Way of War
Is grown more Politick by far,
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.

For now they laugh at giving Battel,
Unless it be to Herds of Cattel :
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
The whole Design o'th' Expedition ;
And not with downright Blows to rout
The Enemy, but Eat them out :
As Fighting, in all Beasts of Prey,
And Eating, are perform'd one way ;
To give Defiance to their Teeth,
And fight their stubborn Guts to Death,
And those atchieve the high'st Renown,
That bring the other's Stomach down.
There's now no fear of Wounds nor Maiming,
All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine ;
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,
Surprize, and Stratagem and Mine.
But have no Need, nor Use of Courage,
Unless it be for Glory or Forrage :
For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' Rear :

And

And forc'd, with terrible Resistance,
To keep hereafter at a Distance,
To pick out Ground t'encamp upon,
Where store of largest Rivers run,
That serve, instead of Peaceful Barriers,
To part th'Engagements of their Warriors.
Where both from Side to Side may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep:
For Men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
As th'ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their Mortal Enemy,
The *Water-Rat*, their strict Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold;
But who bears Hunger best and Cold.
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at Starving:
And he that routs most Pigs and Cows is
The formidablest Man at Prowess.
So th'Emperor *Caligula*,
That triumph'd o'er the *British* Sea;

Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
 And Lobsters, 'stead of Cuirasiers;
 Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,
 With Periwinkles, Prawns, and Muscles;
 And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
 To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
 Not like their ancient Way of War,
 To wait on his Triumphal Carr:
 But when he went to Dine or Sup,
 More bravely eat his Captives up;
 And left all War, by his Example,
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth *Ralph*, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
 Than take this Out-of-fashion'd Course;
 To hope, by Stratagem to wooe her,
 Or waging Battel to subdue her,
 Tho' some have done it in Romances,
 And hang'd them int' amorous Fancies;
 As those, who won the *Amazons*,
 By wanton drubbing of their Bones:

And

And stout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride
By courting of her Back and Side.
But since those Times and Feats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover :
When Mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
By such Addresses to be gain'd ;
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Course's infesible,
As is of force to win the *Jezabel* ;
To storm her Heart, by th' Antique Charm
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms ;
But rather strive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your Case is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witness the Accord ;
Besides two more of her Retinue,
To testifie what pass'd between you ;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold :
For which so many that renounc'd,
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd ;

And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound,
And that, unless I miss the Matter,
Is all the Business you look after:
Besides Encounters at the Bar,
Are braver now, than those in War,
In which the Law does Execution,
With less Disorder and Confusion:
Has more of Honour in't, some hold,
Not like the New Way, but the Old;
When those the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
Nay, more than Bullers now of Lead;
So all the Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen;
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In Words at length, as well as Figures.
Is Judge of all the World performs
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is Wrong or Right;

For

For whether you prevail or Lose,
 All must be try'd therein the Close.
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
 What you must trust to, e'er y' have done.

The Law, that settles all you do,
 And Marries where you did but woo;
 That makes the most perfidious Lover,
 A Lady, that's as false, recover:
 And if it judge upon your side,
 Will soon extend her for your Bride;
 And put her Person, Goods or Lands;
 Or which you like best, int' your Hands.

For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest Sages,
 Who though their Bus'ness at the Bar,
 Be but a kind of Civil War,
 In which th'engage with fiercer Dudgeons,
 Than e'er the *Grecians* did the *Trojans*,
 They never manage the Contest,
 T'impair their publick Interest;
 Or by their Controversies lessen
 The Dignity of their Profession:

Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our *Common-wealth*, the *Cause* and *Side* ;
And though w'are all as near of Kindred,
As th'Outward Man is to the Inward ;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the slightest single fangle,
While Lawyers have more sober Sense,
Than t'argue at their own Expence,
But make their best Advantages,
Of others Quarrels, like the *Swift* ;
And out of Foreign Controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their Purses ;
But have no Int'rest in the Cause,
For which th'engage, and wage the Laws :
Nor further Prospect than their Pay,
Whether they lose or win the Day.
And though th'abounded in all Ages,
With sundry learned Clerks and Sages ;
Though all their Business be Dispute,
Which way they canvas every Suit ;
Th'have no Disputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert :

While

While all Professions else are found,
With nothing but Disputes t' abound;
Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,
Philosophers, Mathematicians;
The *Galenist*, and *Paracelsian*,
Condemn the way each other deal in;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
Astrologers dispute their Dreams,
That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes;
And Herald's stickle, who got who,
So many Hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation,
T' expose their Trade to Disputation;
Or make the busie Rabble Judges,
Of all their secret Piques, and Grudges;
In which whoever wins the Day,
The whole Profession's sure to pay.
Besides, no Mountebank, nor Cheats,
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences
They swarm, like Insects, and increase.

For

For what Bigot durst even draw,
 By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?
 Or could hold forth by Revelation,
 An Answer to a Declaration?
 For those that meddle with their Tools,
 Will cut their Fingers, if th'are Fools.
 And if you follow their Advice,
 In Bills, and Answers, and Replies;
 They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery,
 Shall bring her upon Oath to answer ye,
 And soon reduce her to b' your Wife,
 Or make her weary of her Life.

The *Knight*, who us'd with *Tricks* and *Shifts*
 To edifie by *Ralpho's Gifts*,
 But in appearance cry'd 'em down,
 To make them better seem his own,
 (All *Plagiary's* Constant Course
 Of *sinking*, when they *take a Purse*),
 Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
 But kept it from him by disguise,
 And after stubborn Contradiction,
 To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
 And

And by Transition, fall upon
The Resolution as his own.

Quoth he ; This Gambol thou advisest,
Is of all others the unwisest ;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence ;
Where nothing's certain but the Expence :
To Act against my self, and Traverse
My Suit and Title to her Favours.
And if she should, which Heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did ;
What after-course have I to take,
Gainst losing all I have at Stake ?
He that with Injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sottish Chouse,
Who, when a Thief has Robb'd his House,
Applies himself to Cunning Men,
To help him to his Goods again :
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain.

And

And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her by main Force,
Is now in vain; by fair Means, worse:
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.
But since I have no other Course,
But is as bad t'attempt, or worse;
He that complies against his Will,
Is of his own Opinion still;
Which he m'adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known:
But 'tis not to b'avoided now,
For *Sidrophel* resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably first with him.
For I've receiv'd Advertisement,
By times, enough of his Intent;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th' Advantage of the Business gains:

For

For Courts of Justice understand
The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand:
Who, what he pleases, may averr,
The other, nothing till he swear:
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his Place:
And for his bringing Custom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Counsel to advise
Which way t'encounter, or surprise,
And after long Consideration,
Have found out one to fit th'Occasion;
Most apt, for what I have to do,
As Counsellor, and Justice too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.

An Old dull Sor; who'd told the Clock
For many Years at *Bridewell-dock*.
At *Westminster*, and *Hicks's-Hall*,
And *Hiccius-Dorcius* play'd in all;
Where

Where in all *Governments and Times*,
H'had been both *Friend* and *Foe* to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By *hindring Justice*, or maintaining:
To many a *Whore* gave *Privilege*,
And whipp'd, for want of *Quarteridge*;
Cart-loads of *Bawds* to Prison sent,
For b'ing behind a *Fortnights Rent*;
And many a trusty *Pimp* and *Crony*
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of *Money*.
Engag'd the *Constable* to seize
All those that would not break the *Peace*;
Nor give him back his own foul *Words*,
Though sometimes *Commoners*, or *Lords*;
And kept 'em *Prisoners of Course*,
For being *sober at ill Hours*,
That in the *Morning* he might *Free*,
Or bind 'em over for his *Fee*.
Made *Monsters fine*, and *Puppet-Plays*,
For leave to *Practice*, in their ways:
Farm'd out all *Cheats*, and went a share,
With th' *Headborough*, and *Scavenger*.

And

And made the Dirt i'th' Streets compound,
For taking up the publick Ground :

The Kennel, and the King's High-way,
For being unmolested, Pay.

Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Post,
And Cage, to those that gave him most ;

Impos'd a Tax on Bakers Ears,
And for False Weights on Chandlers.

Made Victuallers and Vintners fine
For Arbitrary Ale and Wine.

But was a kind and constant Friend
To all that Regularly offend :

As Residentiary Bawds,
And Brokers that receive stoll'n Goods ;

That cheat in Lawful Mysteries,
And pay Church-Duties, and his Fees ;

But was implacable and awker'd,
To all that Interlop'd and Hawker'd.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counsel in his Law-Affairs ;

And found him mounted, in his Pew,
With Books and Money plac'd, for Shew,

Like

Like *Nest-Eggs*, to make *Clients lay*,
 And for his false Opinion pay:
 To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
 Put off his Hat, to put his Case:
 Which he as proudly entertain'd,
 As th'other courteously strain'd.
 And to assure him, 'twas not that
 He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, There is one *Sidrophel*,
 Whom I have cudgel'd ——— *Very well*.
 And now he brags t'have beaten me.
Better and better still, quo' he.
 And vows to stick me to the Wall,
 Where'er he meets me ——— *Best of all*.
 'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath,
 That I robb'd him ——— *Well done in Troth*.
 When h'has confess'd, he stole my Cloak,
 And pick'd my Fob, and what he took;
 Which was the Cause that made me bang him,
 And take my Goods again ——— *Marry bang him*.
 Now whether I should before-hand
 Swear he robb'd me? ——— *I understand*.





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Or bring my *Action* of Conversion
And *Trover* for my Goods? — *Ab Whoreson.*
Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial? — *Right.*
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' State against him? — *True.*
Or whether he that is Defendant,
In this Case, has the better End on't;
Who putting in a new Cross-Bill,
May traverse th' Action? — *Better still.*
Then there's a Lady too. — *I marry,*
That's easily prov'd accessory.
A Widow, who, by solemn Vows,
Contracted to me, for my Spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her Word,
And has abetted all — *Good Lord!*
Suborn'd th' aforefaid *Sidrophel*,
To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell.*
Who put m' into a horrid Fear,
Fear of my Life, — *Make that appear.*
Made an Assault, with Fiends and Men
Upon my Body. — *Good agen.*
And,

And kept me in a deadly Fright,
And false Imprisonment all Night;
Mean while they robb'd me, and my Horse
And stole my Saddle, ——— *Worse and worse*
And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,
T'avoid a wretcheder Miscarriage :

Sir, quo' the Lawyer, not to flatter ye
You have as Good and fair a Battery,
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest Man alive to claim.
For if they've us'd you, as you say;
Marry, quo' I, God give you Joy:
I would it were my Case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe;
I would so trounce her, and her Purse,
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;
For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by Destiny so clear,
That you as sure, may pick and chuse,
As Cross I win, and Pile you lose:
And if I durst, I would advance
As much, in ready Maintenance;

upon any Case I've known,
 we that practise dare not own,
 the Law severely contrabands,
 our taking Business off Mens Hands;
 is common Barratry, that bears
 aint blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
 and crops them till there is not Leather,
 to stick a Pin in, left of either;
 for which, some do the Summer-fault,
 and o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
 but you may swear at any rate,
 things not in Nature, for the State:
 for in all Courts of Justice here
 a Witness is not said to swear,
 but make Oath, that is, in plain terms,
 to forge whatever he affirms.

I thank you, quo' the Knight, for that,
 because 'tis to my purpose pat —
 for Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
 is to the weaker side inclin'd,
 like Charity; else Right and Wrong
 could never hold it out so long,

And

And, like blind Fortune, with a flight,
Conveys Men Interest, and Right,
From *Stile's* Pocket, into *Nokes's*,
As easily as *Hocus Pocus*;
Plays fast and loose, makes Men obnoxious
And clear again, like *Hiccius Doccius*.
Then whether you would take her Life,
Or but recover her for your Wife:
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The Business to the Law's all one,
The Proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no Witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their meer Expences
By th'Labour of their Consciences;
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
To Affidavit Customers,
At inconsiderable Values,
To serve for Jury-Men, or Tallies,
Although retain'd in th'hardest matters,
Of Trustees, and Administrators.

For

For that, *Quo' he*, let me alone;
W'have store of such, and all our own;
Bred up and Tutour'd, by our Teachers,
The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.

That's well! *Quo' he*, but I should Guess,
By weighing of Advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On *Bongey*, for a Water-Witch;
And when y'have hang'd the Conjuror,
Y'have time enough to deal with her.
In th'interim; spare for no Trepans,
To draw her Neck, into the Bands;
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And Bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quillets.
With Trains to inveigle, and surprise,
Her Heedless Answers and Replies:
And if she miss the Moustrap-Lines,
They'll serve for other By-Designs:
And make an Artist understand,
To Copy out her Seal or Hand;
Or find void Places in the Paper,
To steal in something to Intrap her.

'Till

'Till with her Worldly Goods, and Body,
Spight of her Heart, she has endow'd ye;
Retain all sorts of Witnesses,
That ply i'th' Temples, under Trees;
Or Walk the Round, with Knights o'th' Posts,
About the Cross-legg'd Knights, their Hosts;
Or wait for Customers, between
The Pillar Rows in *Lincolns-Inn*:
Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bail,
And Affidavit-Men, ne'er fail
T' expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears, and Cloaths.
Their only Necessary Tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their Souls:
And when y'are furnish'd with all Purveys,
I shall be ready at your Service.

I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
A Straw to understand a Case,
Without the admirable Skill,
To wind and manage it at Will:
To Vere, and Tack, and steer a Cause,
Against the Weather-gage of Laws;

And

And ring the Changes upon Cases,
 As plain as Noses upon Faces.
 As you have well instructed me,
 For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee ;
 I long to practise your Advice,
 And try the subtle Artifice :
 To Bait a Letter as you bid,
 As not long after thus he did,
 For having pump'd up all his Wit,
 And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.



The



*An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras
to his Lady.*



Who was once as great as
[Cesar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebu-
[chadnezzar.
And from as fam'd a Con-
[queror,
As ever took degree in
[War,

Or did his *Exercise in Battle,*
By you turn'd out to *Graze with Cattle.*
For since I am deny'd Access
To all my Earthly Happiness,
Am fallen from the *Paradise*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes.*
Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting Banishment.
Where all the *Hopes* I had t'*have won*
Your Heart, being dash'd, will break my own;
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your Doom, before you hear, Who

You'll find upon my just Defence,
How much y'have wrong'd my Innocence,
That once I made a *Kem* to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though delay'd.
Or if it were, it is no Fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought,
To undergo the Loss of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*;
For there's a Difference in the Case,
Between the Noble and the Base;
Who always are observ'd t'have don't
Upon as different account:
The one for *great* and *weighty Cause*,
To salve, in *Honour*, ugly Flaws.
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who're nicest of their Honour.
The other for base *Gain* and *Pay*,
To swear, and *Perjure by the Day*;
And make th'Exposing and Retailing
Their Souls and Consciences, a *Calling*.

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It is no Scandal, or Aspersion,
Upon a Great and Noble Person,
To say, he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old fashion'd Trick, to keep his Word;
Though 'tis Perfidiousness and Shame,
In meaner Men, to do the same.

For to be able to Forget,
Is found more useful, to the Great,
Than Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,
To make 'em pals for wond'rous Wife.

But though the Law, on Perjurers,
Inflicts the Forfeiture of Ears;

It is not just, that does exempt

The Guilty, and punish th' Innocent;

To make the Ears repair the Wrong,
Committed by th' ungovern'd Tongue;

And when one Member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.

And if you should, as you design,
By Course of Law, recover mine,

You're like, if you consider right,

To gain but little Honour by't.

For he that for his Lady's sake
Lays down his Life or Limbs at stake,
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he that *pawns* his Soul to have her.
This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,
Altho' you now disdain to own;
But sentence, what you rather ought
T' esteem *Good Service* than a *Fault*.

" Besides, *Oaths* are not bound to hear
" That *Literal Sense* the Words infer;
" But by the Practice of the Age,
" Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
" And where the Sense by Custom's checks,
" Are found *Void*, and of *None effect*.
" For no Man takes or keeps a *Vow*,
" But just as he sees others do.
" Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
" As not to yield and bow a little;
" For as best temper'd Blades are found,
" Before they break, to bend quite round:
" So truest *Oaths* are still most tough,
" And, tho' they bow, are *Breaking proof*.

Then wherefore should they not b^e allow'd
In Love a greater Latitude?

For as the Law of Arms approves

All ways to Conquest, so should *Love's*;

And not be ty'd to True or False,

But make that justest that prevalls;

For how can that which is above

All *Empire, High and mighty Love,*

Submit its great Prerogative,

To any other Pow'r alive?

Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place,

Become the Subject of a Case?

The *Fundamental Law of Nature,*

Be over-rul'd by those made after?

Commit the Censure of its Cause

To any but its own great Laws?

Love, that's the World's Preservative,

That keeps all Souls of things alive;

Controls the mighty Power of Fate,

And gives Mankind a longer Date.

The Life of Nature, that restores,

And, fast as *Time* and *Death*, devours;

To whose Free-Gift, the World does owe,
 Not only Earth, but Heaven too:
 For Love's the only Trade that's driven,
 The *Interest of State in Heaven*,
 Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
 Is capable to entertain.
 For what can Earth produce, but Love,
 To represent the *Joy above*?
 Or who but Lovers, can converse,
 Like Angels, by the Eye-Discourse?
 Address and Complement by Vision,
 Make Love, and court by Intuition?
 And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,
 As those Celestial Ministers?
 Then how can any thing offend,
 In order to so great an End?
 Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
 That for its own Supply was meant?
 That merits, in a kind Mistake,
 A Pardon for th'Offence's Sake.
 Or if it did not, but the Cause
 Were left to th' Injury of Laws,

What Tyranny can disapprove

There should be *Equity* in Love?

For Laws, that are inanimate,

And feel no Sense of Love, or Hate:

That have no Passion of their own,

Nor Pity to be wrought upon,

Are only proper to inflict

Revenge, on Criminals, as strict.

But to have *Power to forgive,*

Is Empire, and Prerogative;

And 'tis in *Crowns, a nobler Gem,*

To grant a Pardon, than Condemn.

Then since so few do what they ought,

'Tis great, t'indulge a well-meant Fault;

For why should he who made Address,

All humble ways, without Success;

And met with nothing in return,

But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,

Not strive by Wit to countermine,

And bravely carry his Design?

He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,

Blown up with *Philters of Love Powder;*

And

And after letting Blood and Purging,
 Condemn'd to voluntary Scourging;
 Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
 And claw'd by Goblins, in the Night;
 Insulted on, Revil'd and Jeer'd,
 With rude Invasion of his Beard;
 And when your Sex was foully scandal'd,
 As foully by the Rabble handled;
 Attack'd by despicable Foes,
 And drub'd with mean and vulgar Blows;
 And after all, to be debarr'd
 So much as standing on his Guard;
 When Horses being spurr'd and prick'd,
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd:

Or why should you, whose Mother-Wits
 Are furnish'd with all Perquisits:
 That with your Breeding Teeth begin,
 And Nursing Babies, that Lie in;
 B'allow'd to put all Tricks upon
 Our Cully Sex, and we use none?
 We who have nothing but frail Vows
 Against your Stratagems t' oppose?

Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down,
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*;
Retire the more; the more we press,
To draw us into Ambushes;
As *Pyrats* all false Colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:
So Women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd *Flags of White and Red*.
Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grand-mothers, the *Piſts*:
And raise more Devils *with their Looks*,
Than *Conjurers* less subtil Books.
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,
In *Towers*, and *Curls*, and *Perriwigs*,
With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
Than *Philip Nye's Thanksgiving-Bear'd*.
Prepost'rously to entice, and gain,
Those to adore 'em they disdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog,
With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave,
 T' his Mistress, but the more a Slave;
 And whatsoever she commands,
 Becomes a Favour from her Hands;
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
 Whether it be unjust, or just.
 Then, when he's compell'd by her
 T' Adventures, he would else forbear,
 Who, with his Honour, can withstand,
 Since Force is greater than Command?
 And when Necessity's obey'd,
 Nothing can be unjust or bad:
 And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs
 Of Love, *our great Allie, and Yours,*
 Join'd Forces not to be withstood
 By frail enamour'd Flesh and Blood;
 All I have done, unjust or ill,
 Was in Obedience to your Will:
 And all the Blame that can be due,
 Falls to your Cruelty and you.

Nor are those Scandals I confess,
 Against my Will and Interest,

More than is daily done of Course
By all Men, when they're under Force.
Whence some, upon the Rack, confess
What th'*Hang-man* and their Prompters please;
But are no sooner out of Pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confessor,
Truth is a Crime; he takes no Pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of *Lyars*, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The first that on th'*Adventure* went:
All Mankind ever did of Course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what *Romance* can shew a Lover,
That had a *Lady* to recover,
And did not steer a nearer Course,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at first was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in Time.

To what a Height did *Infant Raine*,
 By Ravishing of Women come?
 When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,
 And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
 They ne'er *Forfswore* themselves nor *Ly'd*,
 Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*:
 Nor took the Pains t' *address* and *sue*,
 Nor plaid the *Masquerade* to wooe.
 Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents;
 Nor juggled about Settlements:
 Did need no *License*, nor no *Priest*,
 Nor Friends; nor Kindred, to assist;
 Nor Lawyers, to join Land and Money,
 In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*,
 Before they settled Hands and Hearts,
 Till *Alimony*, or *Death* them parts:
 Nor would endure to stay until
 Th' had got the very *Bride's* good Will.
 But took a wife and shorter Course,
 To win the Ladies, *Down-right-Force*.
 And justly made 'em Prisoners then,
 As they have often since, us Men;

With *Acting Play*, and *Dancing Figs*,
The luckiest of all Love's Intrigues:
And when they had them at their Pleasure,
Then talk'd of *Love*, and *Flames*, at leisure.
For after *Matrimony's* over,
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
Deserves, for ev'ry Minute, more
Than *half a Year* of Love before:
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that best way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:
And such as all Posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them. — It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no Freedom of their own;
And therefore Men have Pow'r to chuse,
But they no Charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course
So e'er we take to your *Amours*,

Tho'

Tho' by the Indirectest way,
 'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.
 And that you ought to take that Course,
 As we take you, for better or worse;
 And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why should every Savage Beast
 Exceed his great Lord's Interest?
 Have freer Pow'r than he, in *Grace*
And Nature, o'er the Creature has?
 Because the Laws he since has made,
 Have cut off all the Power he had;
 Retrench'd the absolute Dominion
 That Nature gave him over Woman;
 When all his Pow'r will not extend,
 One *Law of Nature* to suspend;
 And but to offer to Repeal,
 The smallest Clause, is to Rebel.
 This, if Men rightly understood,
 Their Privilege, they would make good;
 And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
 To encroach on their Prerogatives.

For which Sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery,
And this, some precious *Gifted Teachers*
Unrev'rently reputed *Teachers*;
And disobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World to prove,
And make ye suffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault,
But, I forget my self, and rove
Beyond th'Instructions of my Love.

Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame,
Th'Extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew,
Excess of Love and Temper too.
All I have said that's *bad and true*,
Was never meant to aim at you;
Who have so Sov'reign a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours, *my Soul*:
That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too,
Both with an equal Pow'r possess'd,
To render all that serve you blest:

But none like him, who's destin'd either
To have, or lose you, both together.

And if you'll but this Fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please,)

I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,

Which you commanded, and I swore,

And expiate upon my Skin,

Th'Arrears in full of all my Sin.

For 'tis but just, that I should pay

The accruing Penance for delay.

Which shall be done, until it move,

Your equal Pity, and your Love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd he'd brought her to his Whistle;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great Applause t'himself, twice over;
Subscrib'd his Name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his Wit:
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the Bottom of his Heart:
Then seal'd it with his Coat of Love,
A smoking Faggot — and above,

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Upon a Scroll — I burn and weep,
And near it — For her Ladyship;
Of all her Sex most excellent,
These to her gentle Hands present.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Lessons how t'observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the Letter.
But guessing that it might import,
Tho' nothing else, at least her Sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a Smile and leering Flout:
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.





The Lady's ANSWER to
the KNIGHT.



HAT you're a *Beast*, and turn'd
[to *Grass*,
Is no strange News, nor ever
[was;
At least to me, who once, you
[know,

Did from the Pound *Replevin* you,
When both your *Sword*, and *Spurs* were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
That *Sword*, that did (like Fate) determine
Th' inevitable Death of *Vermine*;
And never dealt its furious Blows,
But cut the *Threads* of *Pigs* or *Cows*;
By *Trulla* was, in *single Fight*,
Disarm'd, and wrested from its *Knight*.
Your *Heels Degraded* of your *Spurs*,
And in the *Stocks*, close *Prisoners*;
Where still they'd lain, in base *Restraint*,
If I, in *Pity* of your *Complaint*,

Had not, on Hon'able Conditions,
Releas't 'em from the worst of Prisons;
And what Return that Favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When being free, you strove t' evade,
The Oaths you had in Prison made:
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd, and justify'd it:
And when y' had safely broke one *Vow*,
Absolv'd your self, by *breaking two*.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*;
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim as boldy as your due.
Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us, is th' only Course,
Who have no Title nor Pretence,
To *Body, Soul, or Conscience*:
But ought to fall to that Man's share,
That claims us for his proper Ware.

These are the Motives, which t'induce,
Or fright us into Love, you use,
A pretty new Way of Gallanting,
Between Solliciting and Ranting;
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
For Charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but Lawful Prize
In War, between two Enemies;
Or Forfeitures, which ev'ry Lover,
That would but sue for, might recover,
It is not hard to understand
The Mystery of this bold Demand:
That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.

'Tis not those paultry Counterfeit
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set,
But our Right Diamonds, that inspire,
And set your Am'rous Hearts on fire:
Nor can those false St. Martin's Beads,
Which on our Lips you lay for Reds;

And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fuel to your scorching Flames;
But those *true Rubies* of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those *Orient Pearls*, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects.
Nor is't those *Threads of Gold*, our Hair,
The *Perriwigs* you make us wear;
But those bright *Guinea's* in our Chests,
That light the Wild-fire in your Breasts.
These Love-Tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly *Intrigues* I know,
And can unriddle, by *their Tones*,
Their *Mystick Cabals*, and *Jargons*.
Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
Fine for the Beauties of my Grounds;
What Raptures fond, and Amorous,
O'th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my House;
What *Extaste*, and *scorching Flame*,
Burns for my Money, in my Name.

What from th'unnatural Desire,
To *Beasts* and *Cattel*, take it *Fire* ;
What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
Longs for a *Thousand Pound a Year* ;
And languishing *Transports* are fond
Of *Statute*, *Mortgage*, *Bill and Bond*.

These are th' *Attracts* which most *Men* fall
Inamour'd, at first *Sight*, withal.

To these th' *Address* with *Serenades*,

And *Court* with *Ells* and *Masquerades* ;

And yet, for all the yearning *Pain*

Y'have suffer'd for their *Loves*, in vain :

I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,

To have, and hold, and to enjoy ;

That all your *Oaths*, and *Labour* lost,

They'll ne'er turn *Ladies of the Post*.

This is not meant to disapprove

Your *Judgment* in your *Choice of Love* ;

Which is so wise, the greatest Part

Of *Mankind* study'r as an *Art* ;

For *Love* should, like a *Deodand*,

Still fall to th' *Owner of the Land*.

And

And where there's Substance, for its Ground
 Cannot but be more firm, and sound,
 Than that which has the slighter Basis
 Of *Airy Virtue, Wit and Graces* :
 Which is of such thin Subtility,
 It steals and creeps in at the Eye,
 And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steels out again, *as nice a way*.

But Love, that its Extraction owns
 From solid Gold, and precious Stones;
 Must, like its shining Parents, prove
 As Solid, and as Glorious Love.

Hence 'tis, you have no way t'express
 Our *Charms and Graces*, but by these :
 For, what are *Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth*,
 Which *Beauty* invades, and conquers with ?
 But *Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds*,
 With which, as *Philters, Love Commands* ?

This is the way all Parents prove,
 In managing their Childrens Love ;
 That force 'em t'*inter-marry and wed*,
 As if th'were *Bur'ing of the Dead*.

Cast *Earth to Earth*, as in the *Grave*,
 To join in *Wedlock* all they have;
 And when the *Settlement's* in force,
 Take all the rest, for *Better, or Worse*;
 For *Money* has a *Power* above
 The *Stars* and *Fate*, to manage *Love*:
 Whose *Arrows*, *Learned Poets* hold,
 That never miss, are *ripp'd with Gold*.
 And tho' some say, the *Parents Claims*
 To make *Love* in their *Childrens Names*;
 Who many times, at once, provide
 The *Nurse*, the *Husband*, and the *Bride*.
 Feel *Darts* and *Charms*, *Attracts* and *Flames*;
 And *wooe*, and *contract*, in their *Names*;
 And as they *Christen*, use to marry 'em,
 And, like their *Gossips*, answer for 'em:
 Is not to give in *Matrimony*,
 But *sell* and *prostitute* for *Money*.
 'Tis better than their own *Betrothing*,
 Who often do't for worse than nothing.
 And when th'are at their own *Dispose*,
 With greater disadvantage *chuse*.

All this is right ; but for the Course
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done ;
No more than *Setters can betray*,
That, tell what Tricks they are to play.

Marriage, at best, is but a Vow ;
Which all Men either *break*, or *bow* :
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who *perjure*, when they do but *wooe* ?
Such as before-hand, *Swear and Lie*,
For *Earnest* to their Treachery :
And rather than a Crime confess,
With *greater* strive to make it *less* :
Like *Thieves*, who, after Sentence past,
Maintain their Innocence to th'last ;
And when their Crimes were made appear,
As plain as Witnesses can swear ;
Yet, when the Wretches come to die,
Will take upon their Deaths a Lie,
Nor are the Virtues, you confess'd
T'your *Ghostly Father*, as you guess'd ;

No flight, as to be justify'd,
 By b'ing, as shamefully deny'd.
 As if you thought your Word would pass
 Point-blank on both sides of a Case;
 Or Credit were not to be lost,
 B'a brave Knight-Errant of the Post,
 That eats, perfidiously, his Word,
 And swears his Ears thro' a two Inch Board:
 Can own the same Thing, and disown;
 And perjure Booty, *Pro* and *Con*:
 Can make the Gospel serve his Turn,
 And help him out to be forsworn;
 When 'tis laid Hands upon and kiss'd,
 To be betray'd, and sold, like Christ.

These are the Virtues, in whose Name,
 A Right to all the World you claim:
 And boldly challenge a Dominion,
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all Women.
 Of whom, no less will satisfy,
 Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
 Altho' you'll find it a hard Province,
 With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,
 To

To govern such a num'rous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wise* and *Great*, as he was once;
You'll find th'are able to subdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the Slight.
For when we find y'are still more taken
With false *Attracts* of your own making;
Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,
Like *Sots*, to us that laid it on:
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us in our own Defences,
To copy *Beams* and *Influences*;
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces:
And in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false *Jewels* counterfeit.

For,

or, by the Practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts :
And those deserve in Reason most,
That greatest Pains and Study cost ;
For great Perfections are, like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present, to be given.
Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*
To be perform'd without *Hard Duty*.
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple Natural excel.
How fair and sweet's the *Planted Rose*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges grows ?
For without Art, the Noblest Seeds
Of Flowers degenerate into Weeds :
How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a Diamond ?
Tho' Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without Care.
The whole World, without *Art* and *Dress*,
Would be but one great *Wilderness* ;
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
For all that Nature has conferri'd.

This

This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,
Leave *Art* to *Polish*, and *Refine*.

Tho' Women first were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for them again:

For when (*out-witted by his Wife*)

Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but for *Life*.

If Women had not interven'd,

How soon had Mankind had an End?

And that it is in *Being* yet,

To us alone, you are in *Debt*.

And where's your *Liberty* of *Choice*,

And our unnatural *No Voice*?

Since all the *Privilege* you *boast*,

And *falsly usurp'd*, or *vainly lost*,

Is now our *Right*; to whose *Creation*,

You owe your *Happy Restoration*.

And if we had not weighry *Cause*

To not appear in making *Laws*,

We could, in spite of all your *Tricks*,

And *Shallow*, *Formal Politicks*,

Force you, our *Managements* to obey,

As we to yours (*in shew*) give way.

Her

Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
 To advance your *high Prerogative*,
 You basely, after all your Braves,
 Submit, and own your selves our Slaves.
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publickly our Int'rests own;
 Like Sots, suppose we have no Shares
 In ord'ring you, and your Affairs:
 When all your Empire and Command,
 You have from us at *second Hand*.
 As if a *Pilot*, that appears
 To sit still only, while he steers,
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like every common *Mariner*;
 Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*,
 And did not guide the *Man of War*.
 Nor we, because we don't appear
 In *Councils*, do not govern there.
 While, like the mighty *Prester John*,
 Whose Person none dares look upon;
 But is preserv'd in *close Disguise*
 From being made *cheap* to vulgar Eyes.
 We enjoy

W'enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
To govern him, as he does Men;
And in the Right of our Pope Joan;
Make Emp'rors at our Feet fall down.
Or Joan de Pucel's braver Name,
Our Right to Arms and Conduct claim.
Who, tho' a Spinster, yet was able,
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make, and execute all Laws;
Can judge the Judges, and the Cause.
Prescribe all Rules of Right or Wrong,
To th' Long Robe, and the Longer Tongue.
'Gainst which the World has no Defence,
But our more pow'rful Eloquence.

We manage Things of greatest Weight
In all the World's Affairs of State,
And Ministers of War and Peace,
That sway all Nations how we please,
We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,
Heretical, and Orthodox.

And are the Heavenly Vehicles

O'th' Spirit, in all Conventicles:

us is all *Commerçe* and *Trade*
grow'd, and *Manag'd*, and *Decay'd*.
 nothing can go off so well,
 it bears that *Price*, as what we sell.
 the rule in ev'ry *Public Meeting*,
 and make Men do what we judge fitting:
 the *Magistrates* in all *Great Towns*,
 where Men do nothing, but wear *Gowns*.
 we make the *Man of War* strike *Sail*,
 and to our braver *Conduct* *vail*.
 and, when h'has chas'd his *Enemies*,
 submit to us upon his *Knees*.
 there an *Officer of State*,
 timely rais'd; or *Magistrate*,
 that's *Haughty* and *Imperious*?
 he's but a *Journey-man* to us.
 That as he gives us cause to do't,
 we can keep him in, or turn him out.
 We are your *Guardians*, that increase,
 Or waste your *Fortunes* how we please:
 And, as you humour us, can deal
 in all your *Matters*, *Ill* or *Well*.
 By 'Tis

'Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your *Heirs* shall be your own.
To whose Integrity you must,
In spite of all your Caution, trust,
And 'less you fly beyond the Seas,
Can fit you with what Heirs we please:
And force you t'own 'em, tho' begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Irish Footmen*.
Nor can the rigorouslest Course
Prevail, unless to make us worse.
Who, still the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd
And scorn t'abate, for any Ills,
The least *Punctilio* of our Wills.
Force does but whet our Wits t'apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
Which all your *Politicks*, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat;
For when y'have try'd all sorts of Ways,
What Fools d'we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the Sword,

fight our Battels in our steads,
 have your Brains beat out o' your Heads:
 counter, in despite of Nature,
 fight at once with Fire and Water,
 with Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
 your Pride and *Vanity* r'appease.
 one another, and cut Throats,
 your good Graces and best Thoughts;
 do your Exercise for Honour,
 and have your Brains beat out the sooner;
 crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
 things that are never to be known:
 and still appear the more Industrious,
 the more your Projects are Preposterous,
 square the Circle of the Arts;
 and run stark mad to shew your Parts.
 pound the Oracle of Laws,
 and turn them which way we see Cause.
 your Solicitors, and Agents,
 and stand for us in all Engagements.
 And these are all the *Mighty Powers*,
 you vainly boast, to cry down ours.

And

And what in real Value's wanting,
 Supply with Vapouring and Ranting:
 Because your selves are terrify'd,
 And stoop to one another's Pride:
 Believe we have as little Wit
 To be out-hector'd and submit:
 By your *Example*, lose that Right
 In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight*:
 And terrify'd into an Awe,
 Pass on our selves a *Salique Law*:
 Or, as some Nations use, give place,
 And truckle to your *Mighty Race*:
 Let Men usurp th'unjust Dominion,
 As if they were the better Women.



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